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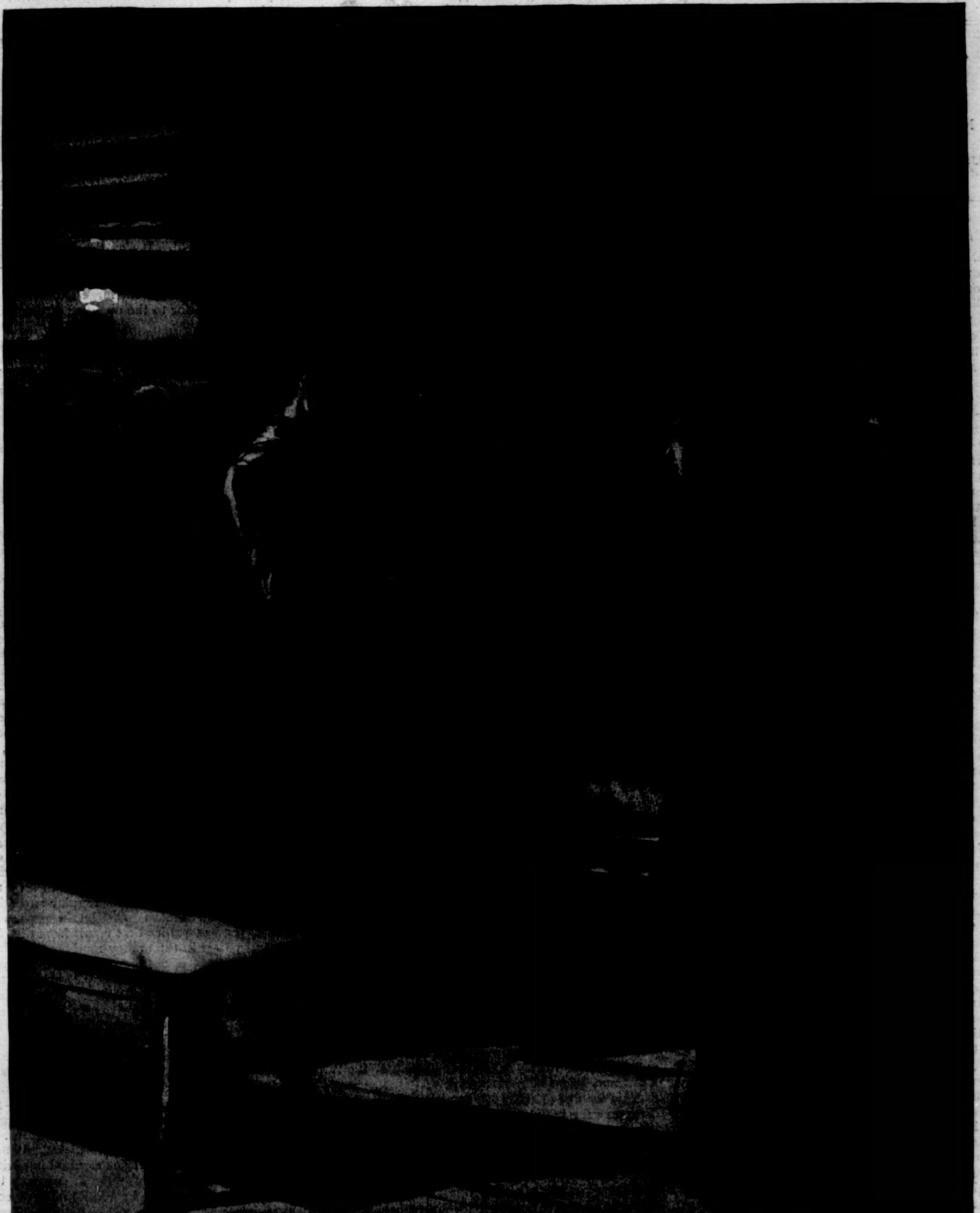

"HE RAISED THE BOW AND STRUCK INTO AN INSPIRING, BRILLIANT STRAIN."

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See "Only a Lumber Jack," Page 1158.]

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY

will be published next week, and will be the regular issue of December 15, 1894.

It will contain "Sailors and Landsmen," a novel in outline, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle; *"Thurlow's Christmas Story," a ghost story by* John Kendrick Bangs, *with illustrations by* A. B. Frost; *"Chonita's Slipper," a story of a queer Colorado Santa Claus, by* M. G. McClelland, *illustrated by* Charles Broughton; *"The Rev. Seth," a dramatic story of timely interest, by* Reba Gregory Prelat, *illustrated by* Clifford Carleton; *and other interesting features, including drawings by* C. S. Reinhart, Frederic Remington, Gilbert Gaul, W. H. Hyde, Peter Newell, *and* F. Luis Mora.

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THE DUTIES OF PUBLIC SPIRIT.

THE recent municipal election in the city of New York was certainly a splendid triumph of the spirit of good citizenship, and Tammany Hall, as the embodiment of municipal misrule, has suffered a stunning defeat. But those are grievously mistaken who believe that Tammany is dead. An organization that after the terrible disclosures before the Lexow committee, and in spite of such a union of hostile forces as had been formed under the influence of an extraordinary excitement, could still muster over 100,000 votes, has not ceased to be a power in the community. It may, indeed, not be as strong to-day as it was before the election, having lost the support of many who run after success, and of many others who have ceased to fear its ill-will. But it will undoubtedly be able, for a considerable time at least, to hold a formidable body of voters under its control in the expectation of better times. Such a compact and well-drilled mass will only then be harmless when the opposition to it also remains united in purpose and action. Nothing is more certain than that Tammany, so long as there is a spark of life left in it, will keenly watch its chances, and be ready to take advantage of any mistake or failure on the part of that opposition; and it must be admitted that the historic fact of its recovery after its apparent annihilation at the Tweed period is full of encouragement to its hopes. Unless the reform movement, of which the recent victory of the good-government forces was the beginning, speedily results in the inauguration of a new order of things fundamentally different from the old—that is, unless it not only brings about some changes in the laws and in official organizations, but puts an essentially different class of men in power in all the branches of the municipal government, and creates in it an entirely new atmosphere—we may be sure that Tammany, somewhat changed in looks, perhaps, by cunning reconstruction, will soon turn up again as a very dangerous competitor for power.

It will by no means be the most difficult part of the task before the municipal reform administration to obtain from the Legislature a power-of-removal law, or other legislation necessary to strengthen the hands of the Mayor, or to reorganize the different city departments. The influence of Mr. Platt and of other political schemers may indeed be found in the way. But some vigorous demonstrations of public opinion against the political intriguers will probably be sufficient to convince them that this is not their time, and that if they persist in their nefarious game the temperature around them may become extremely unpleasant. They will hardly stand up in front of a running locomotive. Neither do we think that the newly elected Mayor will be found lacking in good intentions, in clearness of perception as to what is to be done, or in courage. The excellent platform of the Committee of Seventy upon which he has been elected has evidently become with him a matter of conscience, and unless we greatly mistake him, no partisan cajolery will divert him from his honest purpose to carry it out in letter and spirit. The real danger is that he will not have the necessary support from that quarter from which that support should come. In this respect the remarks recently made by Mr. Strong at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce were alarmingly suggestive. He said that gentlemen of high character, ability, and standing had come to him to advise him about various reforms to be introduced, but that when he had offered them the official positions in which they could actively aid him in carrying out those reforms they had uniformly declined—one because he wished to take his family to Europe, another because he intended to make a pleasure journey to Alaska and to Japan, and so on.

Some of Mr. Strong's hearers may have considered this a good joke, but it is a matter the seriousness of which cannot be overestimated. If these are not isolated cases, but represent the spirit generally prevailing among our "high-toned" citizens, if men of that class generally refuse to take office, not because they have to earn bread for their families and cannot afford to interrupt their business careers, but simply because they are unwilling to forego their pleasures, if their public spirit is not strong enough to move them to make some sacrifice of personal comfort, or convenience, or enjoyment, we may lose in the city of New York the greatest opportunity of this generation. It has for a long time been a just complaint that our municipal government had fallen into the hands of so disreputable a crowd and become so depraved in its principles and practices as to cast a reflection upon the good name of any one participating in it. There is now an opportunity for lifting it upon a higher plane, and for establishing the change so thoroughly that it will last. It may be made a truly honorable distinction again and an object even of fastidious ambition to be an officer of the city, and to contribute by personal service to its welfare and its dignity. An atmosphere may be created about the city offices and the various municipal departments worthy of the great metropolis of this republic, and repellently uncongenial to the loafers and knaves who used to congregate there. All this can be accomplished if the best talent and respectability of the city, not hindered by insuperable obstacles, is at the service of the public as it ought to be. In fact Mr. Strong, when speaking at the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce the other night, instead of being compelled to tell so unpromising a tale, ought to have been assured that, when filling the city offices, he would have the pick of all the men then before him.

If such men refuse to serve, what can the reform Mayor do? There is no lack of persons eagerly seeking those places, hungry for the salaries and incidentals. They are already besieging Mr. Strong in crowds, telling him of the valuable party service they have done, and how much more they can do if put in places of patronage and influence. He is faithfully resisting their urgencies, because their partisan zeal is just the thing he deprecates. But what if the old party hacks should after all prove the only material available for the municipal offices, the "high-toned" men holding aloof? Who would be to blame if, under such circumstances, the most important moral results of the late victory remained unachieved? Certainly not Mr. Strong, if left in the lurch by the very men upon whose active aid he had a right to count. This, of all others, is the time for the best and foremost men of New York to give evidence of a public spirit which, instead of exhausting itself in the excitement of an election campaign, stands ready to aid in securing the full fruition of the victory by a steady devotion to the public interest, even at a sacrifice, if needful, of personal pleasure and comfort. Theirs will be an unenviable responsibility if they fail in what they should consider an imperative civic duty.

THE LESSON OF THE BOND ISSUE.

For the second time within the year the Secretary of the Treasury has succeeded in borrowing $50,000,000 under the act of January, 1875. The rate of interest on these loans, as fixed by law, is 5 per cent., but the premiums paid by the purchasers make the real interest charge on the government a trifle less than 3 per cent. For convenience we may assume that the United States with its abundant credit, established as it is by the fact that the last loan was over-subscribed to the extent of twice the sum called for, has borrowed money at 3 per cent., when discredited Russia is said to be offering 2½ per cent. At 3 per cent. this country has incurred a prospective expense, spread over ten years, of nearly $30,000,000 for a purpose which is entirely outside of the functions and duties of government.

This loan of $100,000,000 has been obtained by the Treasury for banking purposes. Since the issue of the legal-tender notes and the establishment of the national banks the government has been the most important factor in the money market of the country, and consequently one of the chief factors in the money markets of the world. Its legal tenders are a non-interest-bearing loan—in reality, paper representatives of money—and the national bank notes are the representatives of another forced loan. The amount of one is limited by the law; the amount of the other is limited by the aggregate of the bonded debt of the country, which, until this year, was rapidly diminishing. The legal tenders and the Treasury notes of 1890 constitute a charge upon the gold in the possession of the government—the greenbacks because their holders have the right to demand gold for them, and the Treasury notes because, while the law gives to the Secretary the option to redeem them either in gold or silver, it commands him to maintain the parity of the two metals. Therefore, if gold is demanded for a Treasury note, and he insists on his option to pay silver, he admits that gold is more valuable to the government than silver, and therefore to that extent destroys the parity between the two.

On the 31st of October there were outstanding of legal tenders $346,681,016, and of Treasury notes $151,140,568. For the redemption of this total of $497,821,584 the Treasury held $61,361,826 in gold. This gold was for no other purpose than the maintenance of the government's paper currency. It was not held for current expenses, although the Secretary was obliged to pay it out to satisfy his creditors. Especially was this fund subject to draft from the holders of legal tenders. These demand notes were and are largely in excess of the needs of business. They are not absorbed in trade, and, that being so, they are naturally presented for payment in coin, which is intrinsically valuable. This disposition to present the demand notes has been, of course, augmented by the prospect that gold might command a premium. The demand on the government was also increased because those who needed gold for the regular purposes of commerce were forced to go to the Treasury on account of the unwillingness of banks and bankers to part with their private holdings. This state of mind on the part of the bankers was more fully shown by the difficulties experienced by those who wished to bid for the last loan in their inquiries for gold. It was the impossibility of procuring gold anywhere except at the Sub-Treasury, and not a disposition to trade on the government's necessities, that led to the large withdrawals of gold immediately prior to the opening of the bids on the 24th of November.

It was because the government was obliged to sustain the credit of its paper currency, because it was the country's great bank of issue, that it has been compelled to borrow $100,000,000 at an ultimate cost of $30,000,000. This is the price which the country must pay on account of the present conditions of trade, because the Treasury is in the banking business so far as note issues are concerned, but without the power that bankers have of protecting their reserves by changing the rate of discounts. There is no necessity of procuring more money for the legitimate business of the government. It is true that so far the expenditures of the fiscal year are more than $14,000,000 in excess of the receipts, but this excess had been met on the 1st of November, and there was still in the Treasury cash to the amount of $107,340,146. Moreover, there is abundant evidence that the revenues under the new tariff act will be more than sufficient to meet the reduced expenditures of the government, which, mainly by reason of the natural diminution of the pension list, must go on decreasing. If the Treasury, therefore, were simply fulfilling its proper functions, if it were collecting and disbursing the revenues of the country, its income would be abundant. During the month of October the government's receipts were $19,139,240, and its expenditures amounted to $32,713,040. In a few months, perhaps, the receipts will equal the expenditures, and, later, there will be a surplus. The receipts of the government, however, ought never to be much in excess of its expenditures, but if the Treasury is to continue in business as a bank of issue, its receipts must be so much greater than its expenditures as to give it a banker's capital. It follows, then, that not only will the government be forced to borrow in such a crisis as the present, but will be obliged to levy taxes beyond those necessary for its regular expenditures so long as it undertakes to maintain paper currency, and to prevent panics that result from distrust of the central power in the money market.

The country is paying $30,000,000 to sustain the banking side of the Treasury Department, besides what it pays in increased taxes. This is simple and elementary truth, familiar to all who know anything whatever of the Treasury and its relation to the monetary interests of the country, but apparently overlooked, or not understood, not only by the mass of the people, but by members of Congress. Ours is probably the most expensive banking experiment that was ever undertaken by a civilized people—more expensive probably than the Australasian experiments, although fortunately not yet so disastrous. At the same time it is one of the most awkward and unsuccessful experiments. It has resulted in giving to the country a heterogeneous mass of currency that is so bound up and limited by hard and fast conditions that it cannot possibly respond to the demands of trade. It has provided a great central bank department which cannot turn its sails to meet adverse blasts, but which must face them in all their fury; and of course what the bank of issue must withstand is felt by every merchant, manufacturer, farmer, and laborer in the country, by every one who buys and sells, and whose prosperity is dependent upon the free flux of currency.

These conditions present the pressing political problem of the day. Politicians are wakening up to its importance. The Reform Club of this city announces that it is about to undertake the task of educating public opinion on the currency question in the same manner as it carried on its work of education on the tariff question. Mr. CLEVELAND is studying the problem, and it is expected that at least a monetary commission, which ought to consist of economists and statesmen as well as of bankers, will be provided for at the coming session. The lesson of the last bond issue is that the country is paying dear for not only an unsatisfactory but a dangerous banking system.

IS THE INCOME TAX CONSTITUTIONAL?

As the time for assessing the income tax draws near, the objections to its policy and its legality, which were urged before its passage in Congress, attract general attention. Now that the subject is no longer complicated by its relations to a pending tariff bill and to the immediate wants of the Treasury, they may perhaps be considered more calmly, if not more candidly, than then. The question is a practical one, since the discussion of it promises to be renewed at the coming short session of Congress. The advocates of the tax are clamorous for an increase in the rate, with a heavier discrimination against the larger incomes. They must needs also try to enact a complicated and inquisitorial machinery for collecting it, since the existing law is obviously inadequate, its provisions really rendering the tax a fine for honesty and a premium on falsehood. The opponents of the tax, on the other hand, will doubtless make an earnest effort for its repeal.

The objection to the legality of a tax upon individual incomes, not apportioned to the States according to population, rests upon two express provisions of the Federal Constitution—one (Art. I., Sec. 2), that "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States .... according to their respective numbers"; and the other (Art. I., Sec. 9), that "no capitation or other direct tax shall be laid unless in proportion to the enumeration" by the national census.

The question then is simply whether the income tax is a direct one or not. If it is a direct tax in the sense of the Constitution, it is expressly forbidden to Congress to levy it by the instrument from which alone it derives any powers whatever. Now at the time the Constitution was framed, and ever since, the phrase "a direct tax" was understood to mean a tax which is collected from the persons who ultimately bear the burden of it, while an indirect tax is one which is collected from one set of persons, who, by adding it to prices or otherwise, recompense themselves at the cost of others. Thus all customs duties and excises upon manufactures enter into the market price of the goods when distributed to consumers, and are therefore indirect, while all taxes upon persons and income are direct.

The most elaborate argument in favor of applying this familiar and accepted distinction to the interpretation of the clauses cited above was prepared by the late WILLIAM O. BARTLETT, of New York, and was presented to the Supreme Court of the United States in December, 1868, in the case of the Pacific Insurance Company against SOULE (7 WALLACE, 433), in which the question was at issue. The Court decided that an income tax upon individuals is not a direct tax, and is within the powers of Congress, the reasoning by which this conclusion was reached by Justice SWAYNE, in the opinion of the Court, is brief, and amounts in substance to an adoption and extension of the judgment of the same Court in the famous "carriage case" of 1796 (HYLTON against the United States, 3 DALLAS, 171). The appellant had many scores of carriages, and objected to a tax upon them as a direct tax, but the Court held that the tax was indirect. Mr. BARTLETT distinguishes the point in this case from the question of the income tax, as we think, with entire success. But however this may be, the decision of 1868, while not avowedly appealing to the war power, nor to the doctrine that whatever is necessary to the public safety must be presumed to be in the contemplation of the Constitution, was made under the pressure of such an apparent necessity.

Immense sums had been paid under protest as income tax, all of which must be refunded were the decision adverse to the tax; and the Treasury would have been seriously embarrassed at once, besides losing one of its chief sources of revenue.

It is not too much to say that an overwhelming political necessity dictated the decision, and combined with patriotic feeling to promote acquiescence in it. But the question now is, whether a decision so utterly at variance with reason and the common understanding of words can be upheld by the present Court at a time when all the patriotic and political considerations applicable to the subject call for a reversal of it. For nothing is more plain to every thoughtful student of our institutions than that the income tax, with the proposals now making to extend and to increase it, represents the most serious danger to the freedom and sound progress of the country.

The argument of Mr. BARTLETT has been published in recent successive numbers of the New York daily *Sun*, and will doubtless excite general and intelligent discussion. It deserves the careful study of every constitutional lawyer. But the impolicy of the income tax, apart from its unconstitutionality, cannot fail to be better understood and recognized as the debate is carried on without the collateral issues which complicated it before the passage of the tariff.

POOR OLD CHINA.

Special Correspondence from the East.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

HAVING been entertained twice recently by some Chinese mandarins of high rank, I was surprised to hear them speak frankly of the poor part China is playing in this war. They both said and showed that they were disturbed, and that their chief hope lay in arranging a money settlement with Japan.

I told them that their greatest weakness was occasioned by their lack of patriotism, concern for their country, and willingness or ability to unite against her foes. I was not surprised to find that they could not understand this—not half as much surprised as I am to read in the English and American newspapers that our own editors and diplomats do not understand it either. In considering this or any other war in China, the student must understand that China is not a nation, but a people. Instead of being a great body "moving glacierlike upon its enemy" (as an ex-diplomat in America ignorantly describes it), it is a broken bag of shot rolling in all directions away from the object that has torn the bag. We have here three sets of peoples—(1) the once warlike, now enervated Tartars or Manchoos, who rule the country; (2) the great body of true Chinese in the provinces north of the Yang-tse River; and (3) south of that river a number of dissimilar provinces speaking different languages, having different customs, and governed for China in a manner that embraces much of the relics of the ancient feudalism which not long ago was pure there and complete.

Now let us look at these three divisions of the Chinese people in the light of the facts before us. The ruling Tartars were once warlike, but while they conquered the peaceful Chinese in what was a mere horse raid with bows and spears, China has since conquered them with her civilization.

The Manchoos are softened and pampered and "civilized" out of all temper for war. The Chinese north of the Yang-tse are a reasonably homogeneous people, moved by common impulses, except in the direction of war and fighting—trades for which they are so little fitted by nature that they declare soldiers to be the meanest of men, and hold them in contempt.

The Chinese south of the Yang-tse were, 200 years before Christ, what Europe was when Rome conquered it. This part of China contained quite as many different nations and tribes as Europe did at that time.

The Chinese of the north dominated them, but they were not amalgamated in one imperial system until the period I mention. To-day the mode of governing them is still semi-feudal. Each two provinces have over them a viceroy, whose powers are not merely such as our States arrogated to themselves under the States rights doctrine, but are so much more sovereign that each viceroy has his own army, and (if the provinces are on the seaboard) his own navy as well.

I want to put this still more strongly and in different ways, because it is not at all understood by the majority of writers, who treat the present war as if it were a war between nations, as we understand the term. Let us imagine, then, that China is the United States, and that Maine is the battle-ground; that the capital is there, and that LI HUNG CHANG has his army there, meeting the Japanese. That would be a war by Japan upon one viceroy's army, and such is the fact in China to-day. Down here, about where Virginia would be, ships of war are lying idle in the harbors, and tens of thousands of troops are massed in temporary walled camps, such as I have seen scores of in a trip down the coast, from which I have just returned. These southern folks, or Virginians and Carolinians and Floridians (you can look at the map and substitute the names of the Chinese states) are states rights men. They have been *asked* to send their troops and ships up north, but they reply that they cannot safely do so; that they have immense interests to protect down here; that great seaports and swelling trade would lie at the mercy of the Japanese were they to leave their provinces unprotected. Of course nothing threatens them, and their excuse is a subterfuge. If you ask these men, in private talk, what they are doing down here while Peking is threatened by the Japanese, they reply: "Oh, those people have got a lot of trouble on hand. Let them fight it out for themselves."

The reader must understand that the Chinese of one province consider the Chinese of another province as foreigners. The Che-Kiang man and the Canton man are geographically near neighbors, but they cannot understand one another's speech; they dress a little differently; their customs are widely different. China is a big country. Its different peoples are not merely a little different, like the people of Maine and the people of Louisiana. They differ as the English, French, Germans, and Italians differ in Europe. And the government that pretends or aims to unite them is a government by detested foreigners, who are foreigners to all of them. The *literati* who have the first claim upon the offices are friendly to the Manchoos. Selfish interest, promises of the spoils, are the bases of that friendship. The common people, the masses, like the Manchoos just about as Italy and England would like the Russians for rulers.

Now the reader begins to understand why it was that when the French attacked Ning-Po and Foo-Chow in 1885 there was a large fleet lying at ease in the northern Chinese waters. Asked what they were doing there, they said: "There is no trouble in our provinces. Let the southern people fight their own battles." ARTHUR SMITH it is, I think, who, in his *Chinese Characteristics*, tells of a visit paid to an English man-of-war by a Chinese naval captain when England was making war upon the Chinese. Said the Chinese captain: "Look here; we are friends and brothers. We love each other, and have no quarrel, have we? Very well; our nations may be at war with one another, but that is nothing to us. Let us agree to fire only blank cartridges at one another. Then no one will be hurt, and our masters will be satisfied." These are the things one must know to understand the present crisis in China. The reader must see that China is an elephant that is being pounded on the head, while its legs refuse to help it.

As I sat on the deck of my house-boat the other day, sailing through the Che-Kiang province—as fat and fair a land as the sun shines upon—I met boat-load after boat-load of soldiers; recruits they were, coming in from Ho-Nan province to camp in Che-Kiang province. My sailors laughed when they saw them.

"Those are all soldiers," said I; "my gracious! plenty soldiers, eh?"

"Yes," said my low-dah, or captain; "plenty poor man wantchee chow."

Put that into English, and you have the average Chinese view of the subject: "There are plenty of soldiers, because there are plenty of men in need of food."

But these soldiers that I saw vividly branded China with another scar that reveals her helplessness—her colossal helplessness. These soldiers were not only keeping away from the war, but they were being sent away from their own province into another. The ruling aim of those who govern China is to steal and get rich, but greed is always subordinate to suspicion and distrust. China dares not to leave Ho-Nan soldiers in Ho-Nan. She sends them elsewhere, and the soldiers of another province are sent to Ho-Nan. Remember what I have said about the divers nations and tribes that make up China. Remember that if I go into a shop in Shanghai, and a Canton or Amoy man goes there at the same time, the shopkeeper says to his clerks: "Hello! two foreigners are in the shop. Double the prices of whatever they buy. They will not know it." Having that knowledge for a business, now note the fact that the system of management of public affairs is to put it all in the hands of foreigners. The governors and judges of a province are never natives of that province any more than the troops are its natives. The governor is a "foreigner" from another state in China, and the prefects and judges are from still different states. That is to prevent combinations against the throne; that is to make sure that neither sympathy, common knowledge, nor co-operation between rulers and people shall defeat either justice or government. "I am a Tartar," said a man wearing a button of the third rank, at dinner at the governor's yamen, the other day; "I am a foreigner, of the Manchoo race, which rules these Chinese. It is good for a country to be ruled by foreigners. NAPOLEON was not a Frenchman, and VICTORIA is not English." When people clamor for relief from taxation before the court of a Chinese governor, he cannot understand their language, and he says, "Damn these swine! what is the matter with them?" It is so with the magistrates who sit in the Chinese courts here in European Shanghai and in the walled Chinese city close by. They cannot understand the words of either prisoners or plaintiffs or defendants. They have natives by them to tell them what the people say and to translate what they have to say in return. If a man can buy the friendly interest of these interpreters he can make a good impression upon the judge's understanding. If he cannot, so much the worse for him.

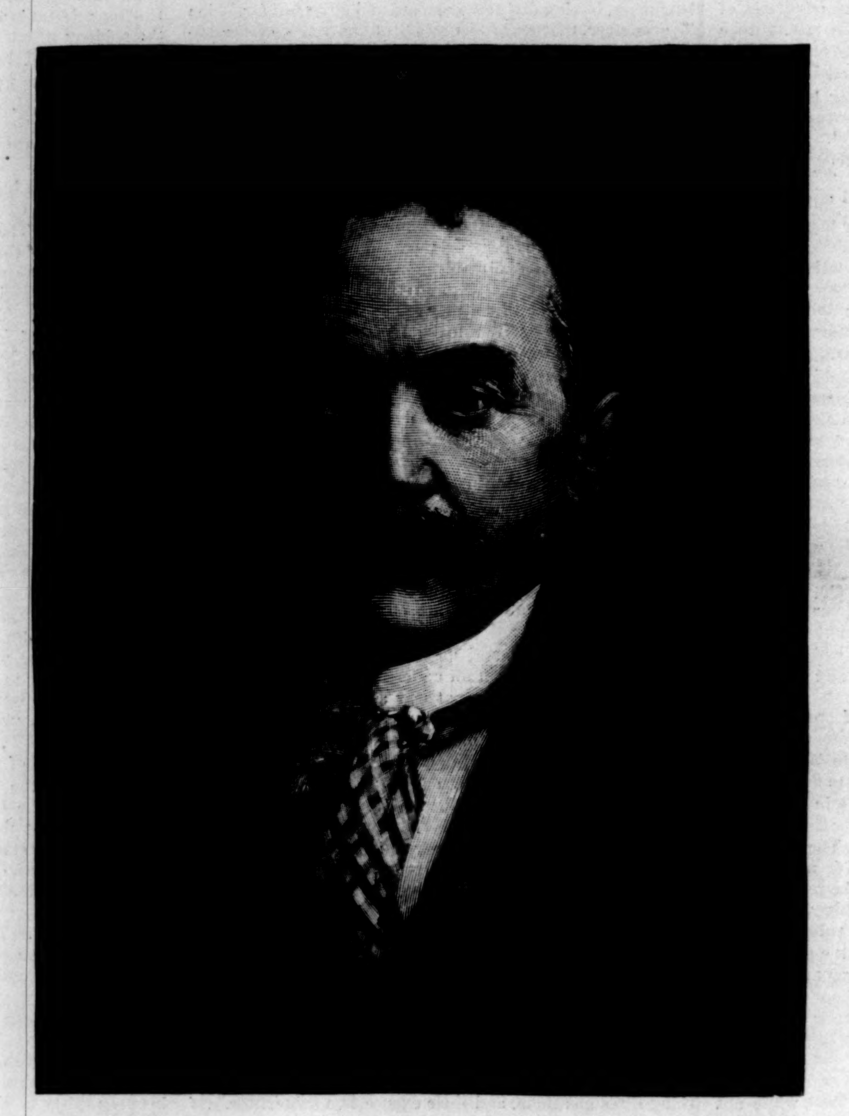
This method of ruling the separate states is a natural outgrowth of the imperial rulership by foreigners, who simply sit in the Chinese capital to squeeze out of these captives all that they will yield. They send strangers to rule the various states in order that the people and their officers shall have no common bond or tie. They leave the control of these states absolutely in the hands of these stranger rulers, asking only that so much revenue be sent to them from each state. They see to it that the military in each province shall be composed of men having no sympathy with the people, and therefore unlikely to join them in rebellion.

As to the future, who can speak? In this or any other war the country is helpless, and whoever strikes at its head can easily vanquish it. The Taipings, who conquered more than half of China forty years ago by a rebellion that cost between thirty million and fifty million lires, made the mistake of conquering the hinder part of the huge beast instead of the head. Even then they were only put down when command of the imperial troops was given to an Englishman—GORDON. After that, at the very time that Japan was throwing off the fetters and shackles of feudalism and torpor, China experienced the throes of an awakening progressive impulse. Both countries took the same forward steps at the same time. Both sent their young men abroad to study foreign progress, and employed foreigners to drill their soldiers and sailors at home.

But Japan had no conservatism—no ties to her past that she kept sacred. She absolutely threw away her past, and all its old garments were made cerements. She started nude and new-born, without any reservations, regrets, or reprisals. China only made believe playing at progress, with no heart for the movement. She subordinated her foreign instructors so that they had no more command or power than drill-masters. All her own hands were busy at squeezing the people and stealing, and she did not propose to let any foreign hands into the national coffers. She boxed the ears of the boys she sent abroad, telling them when they returned that she had no use for them. She turned adrift her "ever-victorious army" (GORDON's army), that did for her more than our Northern armies did for us in 1860-5. She made tramps and beggars of these soldiers, except that many thousands turned themselves into traitors, and now honeycomb the empire with their *Ko-lo-hwui*, or "Society of Brothers," and wait their chance to drive out the Manchoo rulers and give China to the Chinese. JULIAN RALPH.

SHANGHAI, *November 3, 1894.*

THOMAS HARDY.



THOMAS HARDY.

A NEW novel from Thomas Hardy is as eagerly awaited as one from George Eliot used to be, though with a more popular expectation than was awakened by this most thoughtful woman after she had left the field of common life so humorously and tragically represented in *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*—novels nearer in kind to Mr. Hardy's than are found elsewhere in English fiction.

The first chapters of Mr. Hardy's new novel are already before the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. In this first instalment the story is entitled "The Simpletons"; hereafter it will appear under the caption of "Hearts Insurgent." Each title is significant of the author's main purpose, which is, as it always has been, to deal with simple hearts in the common conditions of human life—their aspirations in conflict with their passions, and their passions breaking and broken against the barriers of circumstance. In this new novel the interest is concentrated, more even than in *The Return of the Native* or *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, upon a masculine character and career; and, as in the latter of the novels just mentioned, the matrimonial entanglement is exacerbating.

A peculiar interest in this story is due to the fact that it is the immediate successor of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, a novel which deeply affected the hearts of its readers, because it was the tragedy of a human life, hopelessly entangled in the web which nature, society, and unhappy circumstances had combined to weave about a woman, to whom no efficient help (none that she could see or avail of) ever came for her release. Apart from the heart-breaking sorrow of the tale, as touching an individual life so unhappily situated and relentlessly conducted to its awful issues, this novel suggested important questions as to the proper province of art in its ethical relations, and as to the philosophy conveyed in so severe a view of what Mr. Hardy himself calls "the grimness of the general human situation."

No one could adduce from the novel a passage tending to corrupt good morals, since in the most emotional situations the author was singularly reticent, and he never wrote a sentence in any of his novels which panders to vicious tastes or inclinations. He introduced no mystical or preternatural elements to confuse or disguise the simple facts presented. No sensuous veil covered the frankness and directness of an appeal such as Prometheus made in the great tragedy of Æschylus.

The questions raised naturally led to a serious consideration of Mr. Hardy's previous novels—especially those of a tragic character—with reference to his general attitude toward subjects of the deepest human interest and solicitude.

To this consideration we shall presently revert, after a brief and necessarily inadequate view of the general scope and character of Mr. Hardy's fiction. The impressiveness of his work and its dramatic strength, the noble simplicity and classic reserve of his manner, and the living truth of every scene and every character in his stories have given him a unique position—all the more so because the motives of his novels have never been drawn from the world of books or closely associated with topics suggested by culture. His novels are not those of the study; their lines run in the free fields of nature, in an out-of-door atmosphere, and with that ready turn and flexion characteristic of all natural movements. He has never sought to illuminate any critical period of human history, as George Eliot did in *Romola*, or to treat some very complex strain of social life, as she did in *Middlemarch*. None of his works depends for its interest upon any "burning" question of the day. The motives which inspired *Felix Holt*, *Alton Locke*, *Daniel Deronda*, or *Robert Elsmere* have never distracted him from his purpose—the portrayal of human life in simple conditions and lying next the bosom of Mother Earth. He has held as insistently to native and naïve humanity as Balzac did to his representation of the Human Comedy in more developed conditions—urban and provincial. His work challenges the profoundest criticism, and we are not surprised by the fact that a man of Mr. Lionel Johnson's scholarly attainments should have thought fit to devote an entire book to *The Art of Thomas Hardy*.

The scene or field of Mr. Hardy's novels is usually, as is now pretty well known, the five or six counties in the southwest of England that cover the district anciently called "The Kingdom of Wessex." It was in 1874, in his novel *Far from the Madding Crowd*, that Mr. Hardy first adopted the old word as the imaginary modern name of a region having the same boundaries as the ancient kingdom. Until he thus used it the word "Wessex" had never borne any other meaning than the historical one. A "Wessex" rustic, a "Wessex" town, had simply meant a peasant or a town existing at the time of the Heptarchy. Mr. Hardy began to speak of Wessex railways, Wessex newspapers, Wessex ladies and gentlemen of Victorian experiences, and so on, giving to the counties included a unity they did not have prior to the appearance of his novels. The fitness of this new application of an old word was at once recognized, and it has since been taken up and appropriated by other writers to this modern use without scruple or acknowledgment.

It may be well to say, since the scenes of Mr. Hardy's new novel shift considerably up and down this region, that "North Wessex" is the name the author has applied to Berkshire, "South Wessex" to Dorsetshire, "Mid Wessex" to Wiltshire, "Upper Wessex" to Hampshire, "Lower Wessex" to Devonshire, and "Nether Wessex" to Somersetshire. In "Christminster" will be recognized a renowned university city, and in "Shaston" a quaint hill town.

Mr. Hardy writes his novels in what he calls his "writing-box," at his country place in Dorchester, formerly part of an estate in Dorsetshire belonging to the Prince of Wales, but he frequently revises and corrects during the months he spends in London, where he has a different house every year. He usually writes with a map of the country or district in which the scenes are laid spread out before him, and invariably visits each spot before describing it. He has latterly been made a magistrate for Dorsetshire, an office which is held, we believe, by only one other English novelist, Mr. Rider Haggard. He is descended from one of the numerous branches of the Dorset Hardys, a family which formerly was of influence in and near the valley of the Froom or Frome. His maternal ancestors were for many centuries small landed proprietors in the northwest of the county, their holdings now being owned by the Earl of Ilchester. It may be remembered that in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* he characteristically enumerates his own family amongst those which had undergone the vicissitudes of Tess's, *i. e.*, the Turbervilles, this being the actual name of the family which suggested the story.

Mr. Hardy is a genuine realist in art. He does not bring a general truth to the facts of nature or humanity, seeking in them its illustration and confirmation: the truth he impresses upon our minds and hearts is one born of the reality itself as he sees it, and if it becomes a general truth it does so by a natural genesis. He comes to his work with a mind richly stored for the illustration of new-found vital truths, and with a profound sympathy—that of the man as well as of the artist. If his heart had not so readily leaned toward nature and comparatively native human impressions, he would not have chosen a field so wholly rustic for his work. It was a natural selection, and considering the worthy results of his genius, and how fitly joined is every fibre of his imagination to his material—as if Wessex had waited for him and he for Wessex—it almost seems like a predestination. We mark the distinctive note from the beginning of his writing: only tentative in *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, it sounds full and strong in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and thrills through every sentence of *The Woodlanders*.

We have always to keep in mind, in reading Mr. Hardy's novels, that he is portraying the characters of men and women who still feel themselves to be the children of the earth rather than of the sky, having much of the old pagan (we might almost say the Titanic) sense of earthly motherhood and of the might of the underworld. Some of these characters—like Winterborne and Marty South—are unconsciously reticent, patient, and strong with Nature's own kind of restraint; others as truly express Nature in her tempestuous moods, her forces borne on to excess, impatient of restraint. Left to themselves, such people have neither the unnatural virtues or vices of civilization; but Mr. Hardy does not find his Wessex thus inviolate: his people have in them strains of British, Roman, and Norman blood, and he has, excepting in some short tales, confined himself to the treatment of contemporaneous types, bringing into the foreground characters to a greater or less extent affected by disturbing influences. Mr. Hardy is keenly alive to these influences, and especially to the corrosive action of modern thought—to "the disillusiveness of the centuries" displacing early ideals. "What the Greek only suspected we know well; what Æschylus imagined, our nursery children feel.... We have uncovered the defects of natural laws and see the quandary that man is in by their operation." It is through this unrest of "souls unreconciled to life" that he gives to his work so rich and varied a perspective, in which the deep glooms of overmastering solicitude contrast with innocent rustic revels and merrymakings. The prevailing mood of this work is unavoidably serious, but no one since Shakespeare has so faithfully presented the speech of the rustic clown and the potently inert wit of the wiseacre.

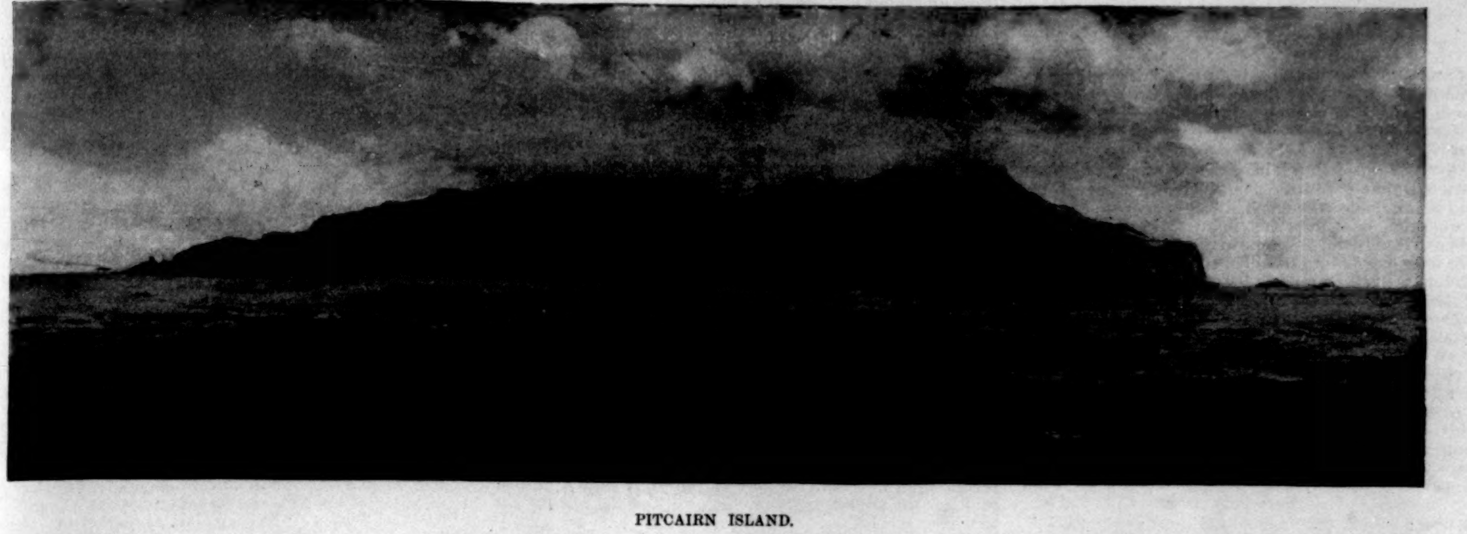
In considering Mr. Hardy's moral attitude one must keep within the limits of the special field he has chosen for his work, and the only requirement we can make is for the whole truth of Wessex life as it is lived. The artist is only indirectly a philosopher or a preacher. He does not attempt to justify the ways of God to men, or to show how the ways of men may be finally reconciled to those of God; he attempts nothing beyond the concrete synthesis visible to him. He may, indeed, admit into his view so much of heaven's light and so much of Christian grace as it will bear—as Shakespeare did in *The Merchant of Venice*—but no more. We fail to see how Mr. Hardy could, without violence and confusion, have endowed his characters with qualities and given them experiences wholly out of keeping with their impulses and their environment and opportunity, or how he could have conducted his dramatic movements to issues not indicated in the natural sequence of things. Lady Macbeth might (in some other sequence) have been converted; Shylock might have yielded to the first appeal of Portia to his mercy rather than to her final decree of absolute justice; and King Lear (himself an old King of Wessex) might have lived out his last days in the society of his faithful daughter, and Cordelia (as in Tate's mangled version of the play) might have escaped hanging—but where then would have been the truth or significance of these mighty dramas? So with Tess. The cup of happiness she must not drink. As Dowden says of Lear: "He is grandly passive—played upon by the manifold forces of nature and society. And though he is in part delivered from his imperious self-will, and learns at last what true love is, and that it exists in the world, Lear passes away from our sight not in any mood of resignation, or faith, or illuminated peace, but in a piteous agony of yearning for that love which he has found only to lose forever." There is a singular parallel to this tragedy in the fate of Tess. Though, like Lear, she is "more sinned against than sinning," she has this destiny, growing out of her relations to nature and society, that to the last she must be stretched upon the "rack of this tough world," and through the stress come into an abnormal state, though not the extreme of madness, in which she commits a brutal crime. From Stonehenge, and a glimpse of the happiness that might have been hers, she is brought to the scaffold. Even the final paragraph of the novel, "'Justice' was done, and the President of the Immortals (in Æschylean phrase) had ended his sport with Tess," repeats, as Mr. Hardy has himself pointed out, Gloster's comment:

> "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
> They kill us for their sport."

But putting the comparison aside, what is it the objecting moralist would have? What more effective sermon—if one calls for a sermon—could Mr. Hardy have preached than this: showing that in the world-old dilemma of the human heart, on the one side driven by Nature, through passions which she urges on to excess, lest she should fail of her ends, and on the other side scourged by the conventions of a social order, and by a conscience assentient to that order, for the excess itself—the full obedience to nature becoming a moral transgression, no resolution of the apparent discord is possible from either side, from Nature or from the moral law? This demonstration might not satisfy the moralist who insists upon the possibility of an ethical resolution, and flounders, like Mr. Huxley, in his Romanes lecture, trying to find it; but it is in perfect accord with Christianity, which finds a reconcilement of the conflict in the principle of regeneration—transcending Nature in her renewal, and the law in its fulfilment, wherein it dies.

It is true that Mr. Hardy does not illustrate this resolution, but he attempts no other. He presents the problem in all its difficulty, relentlessly emphasizing the harshness of the contradictory elements. It is a true statement of the problem in living terms. The optimistic poet leaps easily from the stress of pain and travail to an ideal fruition, but in lives not open to the light illuminating his vision the stress must be borne to the bitter end. Mr. Hardy does not love to dwell upon the morose aspects of life, but he never abates the sorrow of a wretched plight. He passes no inflexible judgments upon Nature or society. Nature is both kind and cruel, and "that cold accretion of mankind called the world" is in its units "unformidable, and even pitiable." In some of his comments there is a "note of revolt" against conventional judgments that condemn the frail because society must fortify itself against the frailty, but he would not relax the force of laws framed merely on social expedients because Nature is unconscious of such laws. Convention is the sign of human concord, and if civilization be a revolt against Nature, as Rousseau falsely thought, it is one in whose cause we have pledged "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Nevertheless, it has its evils, as Nature, to our partial vision, has hers—the harshness of its very justice—and if its grim outward necessities, based on human weakness, were accepted by us as essential in the heart of things, human or divine, the issues of life would be wholly hopeless. If this is the lesson of Mr. Hardy's novels, it is also that of the gospel. If to Tess, in the crisis of her career, there had come some better help than was offered by her agnostic and recreant lover, Angel Clare, her story would have had a very different termination. As it was, she was deprived of the consolations of an uncondemning Nature, but not brought to a real knowledge of the uncondemning Christ.

H. M. A.



PITCAIRN ISLAND.

THE ADULT SCHOOL.

A FAMILY GROUP.

THE MISSIONARY'S HOUSE.

A STREET SCENE.

THE LANDING-PLACE AT BOUNTY BAY.

THE DESCENDANTS OF THE MUTINEERS OF THE "BOUNTY" ON PITCAIRN ISLAND.

From Photographs by Cornelius A. Davis.—[See Page 1167.]

ONLY A LUMBER JACK.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

I.

A MAN and a woman were pacing up and down the wintry station platform, waiting for a train. On every side the snow lay a stained and crumpled blanket, with here and there a light or a chimney to show the village sleeping beneath.

The sky was a purple-black hemisphere, out of which the stars glittered almost white. The wind came out of the west, cold but amiable; the cracked bell of a switch-engine gurgled querulously at intervals, followed by the bumping of coupling freight cars; roosters were crowing, and sleepy train-men were assembling in sullen silence.

The couple walked with arms locked like lovers, but the tones of their voices had the quality which comes after marriage. They were man and wife.

The woman's clear voice arose. "Oh, Ed, isn't this delicious? What one misses by not getting up early!"

"Sleep, for instance," laughed her husband.

"Don't drag me down. You know what I mean. Let's get up early every morning while we're up here in the woods."

"Shouldn't wonder if we had to. There'll be a lot to do, and I want to get back to Chicago by the 1st of February."

"This is an experience! Isn't it still? When is our train due?"

"Due now; I think that is our head-light up the track."

As he spoke, an engine added its voice to the growing noise of the station, and drew solemnly down the track.

An eruption of shapeless forms of men from the depot filled the one general coach of the train. They nearly all were dressed in some sort of fur coat, and all had the look of men accustomed to out-door life. Powerful, loud-voiced fellows all. They were, in fact, travelling men, business men, the owners of mills or timber. The stolid or patient oxlike faces of some Norwegian workmen, dressed in gay Mackinac jackets, were sprinkled about.

The young wife was a fine type of woman anywhere, but these surroundings made her seem very dainty and tropical. Her husband had the fair skin of a city man, but his powerful shoulders and firm step denoted health and wholesome living. They were good to see as man and wife.

They felt the reaction to sleepiness which comes to those not accustomed to early rising, and the wife, soothed by the clank of the train, leaned her head on her husband's shoulder and dozed. He looked out at the window.

The Wisconsin Valley Division of the St. Paul road runs through a desolate region. On every side are the evidences of a ruined forest land. A landscape of flat wastes, of thinned and burnt and uprooted trees. A desolate and apparently useless land.

Here and there a saw-mill stands gray and sagging, surrounded by little cabins of unpainted wood, to testify to the time when great pines stood all about, and the ring of the swamper's axe was heard in the intervals of silence between the howls of a saw.

To the north the swells grow larger. Birch and tamarack swamps alternate with dry ridges on which an inferior pine still grows. The swamps are dense tangles of broken and uprooted trees. Slender pikelike stumps of fire-devastated firs rise here and there, black and grim skeletons of trees.

It is a land that has been sheared by the axe, torn by the winds, and blasted by fire.

The young lawyer looked out at all this with surprise and disappointment, and felt glad that his wife was not observing it. He did not know such desolation existed in Wisconsin.

Off to the west low blue ridges rose, marking the boundaries of the valley which had been washed out ages ago by water. After the floods it had sprung up to pine forests, and these in their turn had been sheared away by man. It lay now awaiting the plough and seeder of the intrepid pioneer.

Suddenly the wife roused up. "Why, we haven't had any breakfast!"

He smiled at her childish look of bewilderment. "I've been painfully aware of it for some time back. I've been suffering for food while you slept."

"Why didn't you get into the basket?"

"How could I, with you on my manly bosom?"

She colored up a little. They had not been married long, evidently.

They were soon eating a breakfast with the spirit of picnickers. Occasionally she looked out of the window.

"What a wild country!" she said. He did not emphasize its qualities to her; rather he distracted her attention from the desolation.

The train roared round its curves, conforming with the general course of the river. On every hand were thickening signs of active lumber industry. They flashed by freight trains loaded with logs or lumber or trees. Mills in operation grew thicker.

The car echoed with the talk of lumber. A brisk man with a red mustache was exhibiting a model of a machine to cut certain parts of machinery out of "two by fours." Another was describing a new shingle-mill he had just built.

A couple of elderly men, one a German, were discussing the tariff on lumber. The workmen mainly sat silent.

"It's all so strange!" the young wife said again and again.

"Yes, it isn't exactly the Lake-Shore drive."

"I like it. I wish I could smell the pines."

"You'll have all the pines you can stand before we get back to Chicago."

"No, sir; I'm going to enjoy every moment of it; and you're going to let me help, you know—look over papers and all that. I'm the heiress, you must remember," she said, wickedly.

"Well, we won't quarrel about that until we see how it all turns out. It may not be worth my time up here. I shall charge you roundly as your lawyer; depend on that."

The outlook grew more attractive as the train neared Wausau. Old Mosinee rose, a fine rounded blue shape on the left.

"Why, there's a mountain! I didn't know Wisconsin had such a mountain as that."

"Neither did I. This valley is fine. Now, if your uncle's estates only included that hill."

The valley made off to the northwest with a bold, large, and dignified movement that was impressive. The coloring, blue and silver, purple-brown and bronze-green, was suitable to the grouping of lines. It was all fresh and vital and wholesome.

From this point the land grew wilder—that is, more primeval. There was more of nature and less of man. The scar of the axe was here and there, but the forest predominated. The ridges of pine foliages broke against the sky miles and miles in splendid sweep.

"This must be lovely in summer," the wife said, again and again, as they flashed by some lake set among the hills.

"It's fine now," he replied, feeling the thrill of the sportsman. "I'd like to shoulder a rifle and plunge into those snowy vistas. How it brings the wild spirit out in a man! Women never feel that delight."

"Oh yes, we do," she replied, glad that something remained yet unexplained between them. "We feel just like men, only we haven't the strength of mind to demand a share of it with you."

"Yes, you feel it at this distance. You'd come back mighty quick the second night out."

She did not relish his laughter, and so looked away out of the window. "Just think of it—Uncle Edwin lived here thirty years."

He forbore to notice her inconsistency. "Yes, the wilderness is all right for a vacation, but I prefer Chicago for the year round."

When they came upon Ridgeley, both cried out with delight.

"Oh, what a dear picturesque little town!" she said.

"Well, well! I wonder how they came to build a town without a row of battlemented stores?"

It lay among and upon the sharp, low, stumpy pine ridges in haphazard fashion, like a Swiss village. A small brook ran through it, smothered here and there in snow. A saw-mill was the largest figure of the town, and the railway station was the centre. There was not an inch of painted board in the village. Everywhere the clear yellow of the pine flamed unstained by time. Lumber piles filled all the lower levels near the creek. Evidently the town had been built along logging roads, and there was something grateful and admirable in its irregular arrangement. The houses, moreover, were all modifications of the logging camps; even the drug store stood with its side to the street. All about were stumps and fringes of pines, which the lumbermen, for some good reason, had passed by. Charred stumps stood purple-black out of the snow.

It was all green and gray and blue and yellow-white and wild. The sky was not more illimitable than the rugged forest which extended on every hand.

"Oh, this is glorious—glorious!" said the wife. "Do I own some of this town?" she asked, as they rose to go out.

"I reckon you do."

"Oh, I'm so glad."

As they stepped out on the platform, a large man in corduroy and wolf-skin faced them like a bandit.

"Hello, Ed!"

"Hello, Jack! Well, we've found you. My wife, Mr. Ridgeley. We've come up to find out how much you've embezzled," he said, as Ridgeley pulled off an immense glove to shake hands all round.

"Well, come right over to the hotel. It ain't the Auditorium, but then, again, it ain't like sleeping out-doors."

As they moved along they heard the train go off, and then the sound of the saw resumed its domination of the village noises.

"Was the town named after you, or you after the town?" asked Field.

"Named after me. Old man didn't want it named after him; would kill it," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Field found the hotel quite comfortable, and the dinner wholesome. They beamed upon each other.

"It's going to be delightful," they said.

Ridgeley was a bachelor, and found his home at the hotel also. That night he said: "Now we'll go over the papers and records of your uncle's property, and then we'll go out and see if the property is all there. I imagine this is to be a searching investigation."

"You may well think it. My wife is inexorable."

As night fell the wife did not feel so safe and well pleased. The loud talking in the office below and the occasional whooping of a crowd of mill-hands going by made her draw her chair nearer and lay her fingers in her husband's palm.

He smiled indulgently. "Don't be frightened, my dear. These men are not half so bad as they sound."

II.

Mrs. Field sat in the inner room of Ridgeley's office, waiting for the return of her husband with the team. They were going out for a drive.

Ridgeley was working at his books, and he had forgotten her presence.

She could not but feel a deep admiration for his powerful frame and his quick absorbed action as he moved about from his safe to his desk. He was a man of great force and ready decision.

Suddenly the door opened and a man entered. He had a sullen and bitter look on his thin, dark face. Ridgeley's quick eyes measured him, and his hand softly turned the key in his money-drawer, and as he faced about he swung shut the door of the safe.

The stranger saw it with eyes as keen as Ridgeley's. A cheerless and strange smile came upon his face.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "I'm low, but I ain't as low as that."

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" asked Ridgeley. Mrs. Field half rose, and her heart beat terribly. She felt something tense and strange in the attitude of the two men.

But the man only said, "You can give me a job if you want to."

Ridgeley remained tense. He ran his eyes over the man's tall frame. He looked strong and intelligent, although his eyes were fevered and dull.

"What kind of a job?"

"Any kind that will take me out into the woods and keep me there," the man replied.

There was a self-accusing tone in his voice that Ridgeley felt.

"What's your object? You look like a man who could do something else. What brings you here?"

The man turned with a sudden resolution to punish himself. His voice expressed a terrible loathing.

"Whiskey, that's what. It's a hell of a thing to say, but I can't let liquor alone when I can smell it. I'm no common hand, or I wouldn't be if I— But let that go. I can swing an axe, and I'm ready to work. That's enough. Now the question is, can you find a place for me?"

Ridgeley mused a little. The young fellow stood there, statuesque, rebellious.

Then Ridgeley said, "I guess I can help you out that much." He picked up a card and a pencil. "What shall I call you?"

"Oh, call me Williams; that ain't my name, but it 'll do."

"What you been doing?"

"Everything part of the time, drinking the rest. Was a livery-stable down at Wausau last week. It came o me, when I woke yesterday, that I was gone to hell i staid in town. So I struck out; and I don't care for m self, but I've got a woman to look out for—" He stopp abruptly. His recklessness of mood had its limits, after a

Ridgeley pencilled on a card. "Give this to the forem of No. 6. The men over at the mill will show you t teams."

The man started toward the door with the card in h hand. He turned suddenly.

"One thing more. I want you to send $10 of my pa every two weeks to this address. He took an envelope o of his pocket. "It don't matter what I say or do after thi I want that money sent. The rest will keep me in tobacc and clothing. You understand?"

Ridgeley nodded. "Perfectly. I've seen such case before."

The man went out and down the walk with a hurried, d termined air, as if afraid of his own resolution.

As Ridgeley turned toward his desk he met Mrs. Field who faced him with tears of fervent sympathy in her eyes.

"Isn't it awful?" she said, in a half-whisper. "Poor fel low, what will become of him?"

"Oh, I don't know. He'll get along some way. Such fellows do. I've had 'em before. They try it a while here then they move. I can't worry about them."

Mrs. Field was not listening to his shifty words. "And then, think of his wife—how she must worry."

Ridgeley smiled. "Perhaps it's his mother or a sister."

"Anyway it's awful. Can't something be done for him?"

"I guess we've done about all that can be done."

"Oh, I wish I could help him! I'll tell Ed about him."

"Don't worry about him, Mrs. Field; he ain't worth it."

"Oh yes, he is. I feel he's been a good boy once."

Her own happiness was so complete she could not bear to think of others' misery. She told her husband about Williams, and ended by asking, "Can't we do anything to help the poor fellow?"

He was not deeply concerned. "No; he's probably past help. Such men are so set in their habits, nothing but a miracle or hypnotism can save them. He'll end up as a 'lumber Jack,' as the townsmen call the hands in the camps."

"But he isn't that, Edward. He's finer some way. You feel he is. Ask Mr. Ridgeley."

Ridgeley merely said: "Yes, he seemed to me to be more than a common hand. But, all the same, it won't be two weeks before he'll be in here as drunk as a wild-cat."

In this way Williams came to be to Mrs. Field a very important figure in the landscape of that region. She often spoke of him, and on the following Saturday night, when Field came home, his wife said, "Is Williams in town?"

"No, he hasn't shown up yet."

She clapped her hands in delight. "Good! Good! He's going to win his fight."

Field laughed. "Don't bet on Williams. We'll hear from him before the week is out."

"When are we going to visit the camp?" she asked, changing the subject.

"As soon as it warms up a little. It is too cold for you."

She had a laugh at him. "You were the one who wanted to 'plunge into the snowy vistas.'"

He evaded her joke on him by assuming a careless tone. "I'm not plunging as much as I was; the snow is too deep."

III.

A few very cold gray days followed, and then the north wind cleared the sky; and though it was still cold, it was pleasant. The sky had only a small white cloud here and there to make its blueness the more profound.

Ridgeley dashed up to the door with a hardy little pair of broncos hitched to a light pair of bobs, and Mrs. Field was tucked in like a babe in a cradle.

Almost the first thing she asked was, "How is Williams?"

"Oh, he's getting on nicely. He refused to sleep with his bunkmate, and finally had to lick him, I understand, to shut him up. Challenged the whole camp then to let him alone or take a licking. They let him alone, Lawson says. G'lang there, you rats!"

Mrs. Field said no more, for the air was whizzing by her ears, and she dared hardly look out, so keen was the wind. In the deeps of the forest it was profoundly still.

The ride that afternoon was a glory she never forgot. Everywhere yellow-greens and purple shadows. The sun in a burnished blue sky flooded the forests with light, striking down through even the thickest pines to lay in fleckings of radiant white and gold upon the snow.

The trail (it was not a road) ran like a graceful furrow over the hills, around little lakes covered deep with snow, through tamarack swamps where the tracks of wild things thickened, over ridges of tall pine clear of brush, and curving everywhere amid stumps, where dismantled old shanties marked the sight of the once older logging camps. Sometimes they met teams going to the store. Sometimes they crossed logging roads, wide smooth tracks artificially iced, down which mountainous loads of logs were slipping, creaking and groaning. Sometimes they heard the dry click-clock of the woodsmen's axes, or the crash of falling trees deep in the wood. When they reached the first camp, Ridgeley pulled up the steaming horses at the door and shouted, "Hello, the camp!"

A tall old man with a long red beard came out. He held one bare red arm above his eyes. He wore an apron.

"Hello, Sandy!"

"Hello, Mr. Ridgeley!"

"Ready for company?"

"Am always ready for company," he said, with a Scotch accent.

"Well, we're coming in to get warm."

"Vera weel."

As they went in, under the roofed shed between the cook's shanty and the other and larger shanty, Mrs Field sniffed. Sandy led them past a large pyramid, the scraps of beef bones, egg-shells, cans, and tea grounds left over during the winter. In the shed itself hung great slabs of beef.

It was as untidy and suggestive of slaughter as the nest of a brood of eagles.

Sandy was beginning dinner on a huge stove spotted with rust and pancake batter. All about was the litter of his preparation. Beef—beef on all sides, and tin dishes and bare benches and huge iron cooking-pans.

Mrs. Field was glad to get out into the sunlight again.

"What a horrible place! Are they all like that?"

"No, my camps are not like that—or, I should say, *our* camps," Ridgeley added, with a smile.

"Not a gay place at all," said Field, in exaggerated reserve.

But Mrs. Field found her own camps not much better. True, the refuse was not raised in pyramidal shape before the front door, and the beef was a little more orderly, but the low log huts, the dim cold light, the dingy walls and floors, the lack of any womanly or home touch, the tin dishes, the wholesale cooking, all struck upon her with terrible force.

"Do human beings live here?" she asked Ridgeley, when he opened the door of the main shanty of No. 6.

"Forty creatures of the men kind sleep and house here," he replied.

"To which the socks and things give evidence," said Field promptly, pointing toward the huge stove which sat like a rusty-red cheese in the centre of the room. Above it hung scores of ragged gray and red socks and Mackinac boots and jackets which had been washed by the men themselves.

Around were the grimy bunks where the forty men slept like tramps in a steamer's hold. The quilts were grimy, and the posts greasy and shining with the touch of hands. There were no chairs. Only a kind of rude stool made of boards. There were benches near the stove nailed to the rough floor. In each bunk, hanging to a peg, was the poor little imitation leather hand-bag which contained the whole wardrobe of each man, save the tattered socks and shirts hanging over the stove.

The room was chill and cold and gray. It had only two small windows. Its doors were low. Even Mrs. Field was forced to stoop in entering. This made it seem more like a den. There were roller towels in the corner, and wash-basins, and a grindstone, which made it seem like a barn. It was, in fact, more cheerless than the barn, and less wholesome.

"Doesn't that hay in the bunks get a—a—sometimes?" asked Field.

"Well, yes, I shouldn't wonder, though the men are pretty strict about that. They keep pretty free from that, I think. However, I shouldn't want to run no river chances on the thing." Ridgeley smiled at Mrs. Field's shudder of horror.

"Is this the place?" The men laughed. She had asked that question so many times before.

"Yes, *this* is where Mr. Williams hangs out. Say, Field, you'll need to make some new move to hold your end up against Williams."

Mrs. Field felt hurt and angry at his rough joke. In the dim corner a cough was heard, and a yellow head raised itself over the bunk board ghastily.

"Hello, Gus—didn't see you. What's the matter—sick?"

"Yah, ai baen hwick two days. Ai tank ai lack to hav doctor."

"All right, I'll send him up. What seems the matter?"

As they talked, Mrs. Field again chilled with the cold gray comfortlessness of it all; to be sick in such a place! The strange appearance of the man out of his grim corner was startling. She was glad when they drove out into the woods again, where the clear sunshine fell, and the pines stood against the blazing winter sky motionless as iron trees. Her pleasure in the ride was growing less. They arrived at No. 8 just as the men were trailing down the road to work after eating their dinner. Their gay-colored jackets of Mackinac wool stood out like trumpet notes in the prevailing white and blue and bronze green.

The boss and the scaler came out and met them, and after introductions they went into the shanty to dinner. The cook was a deft young Norwegian—a clean, quick, gentlemanly young fellow with a fine brown mustache. He cleared a place for them at one end of the long table, and they sat down.

It was a large camp, but much like the others. On the table were the same cheap iron forks, the tin plates, and the small tin basins (for tea) which made up the dinner set. Basins of brown sugar stood about.

"Good gracious! Do people still eat brown sugar? Why, I haven't seen any of that for ages," cried Mrs. Field.

The stew was good and savory, and the bread fair. The tea was not all clover, but it tasted of the tin. Mrs. Field said:

"Beef, beef, everywhere beef. One might suppose a menagerie of desert animals ate here. Edward, we must make things more comfortable for our men. They must have cups to drink out of; these basins are horrible."

It was humorous to the men, this housewifely suggestion.

"Oh, make it napkins, Allie!"

"You can laugh, but I sha'n't rest after seeing this. If you thought I was going to say, 'Oh, how picturesque!' you're mistaken. I think it's barbarous."

She was getting impatient of their patronizing laughter, as if she were a child. They changed their manner to one of acquiescence, but thought of her as a child just the same.

After dinner they all went out to see the crew working. It was the biggest crew anywhere in the neighborhood, and they sat a long while and watched the men at work. Ridgeley got out and hitched the team to a tree, and took Field up to the skidway. Mrs. Field remained in the sleigh, however.

Near her "the swamping-team," a span of big deep-red oxen, came and went among the green tops of the fallen pines. They crawled along their trails in the snow like some strange machinery, and the boy in a blue jacket moved almost as listlessly. Somewhere in the tangle of refuse boughs the swampers' axes click-clocked, saws uttered their grating rhythmic snarl, and great trees at intervals shivered, groaned, and fell with soft, rushing, crackling sweeps into the deep snow, and the swampers swarmed upon them like Lilliputians attacking a giant enemy.

There was something splendid (though tragic) in the work, but the thought of the homelessness of the men, their terrible beds, and their long hours of toil oppressed the delicate and refined woman. She began to take on culpability. She was partly in authority now, and this system must be changed. She was deep in plans for change, in shanties and in sleeping-places, when the men returned.

Ridgeley was saying: "No, we control about thirty thousand acres of pine as good as that. It ain't what it was twenty years ago, but it's worth money, after all."

It was getting near to dark as they reached No. 6 again, and Ridgeley drew up and helped them out and into the cook's shanty.

Mrs. Field was introduced to the cook, a short, rather sullen, but intelligent man. He stood over the red-hot stove, laying great slices of beef in a huge dripping-pan. He had a taffler or assistant in person of a half-grown boy, at whom he jerked rough orders like hunks of stove wood. Some hit the boy and produced noticeable effects, others did not.

Meanwhile a triumphant sunset was making the west one splendor of purple and orange and crimson, which came over the cool green rim of the pines like the Valhalla March in Wagner.

Mrs. Field sat there in the dim room by the window, seeing that splendor flush and fade, and thinking how dangerous it was to ask where one's wealth comes from in the world. Outside, the voices of the men thickened; they were dropping in by twos and fours, with teams and on foot.

The assistant arranged the basins in rows, and put one of the iron forks and knives on each side of each plate, and filled the sugar-basins and dumped in the cold beans, and split the bread into slabs, and put small pots of tea here and there ready for the hands of the men.

At last, when the big pans of toast, the big plates of beef, were placed steaming on the table, the cook called Field and Ridgeley, and said,

"Set right here at the end." He raised his arm to a ring which dangled on a wire. "Now look out, you'll see 'em come sidewise." He jerked the ring and disappeared into the kitchen.

There came shouts, trampling, laughter, and the door burst open and they streamed in—Norwegian, French, half-breeds, dark-skinned fellows all of them save the Norwegians. They came like a flood, but they fell silent at sight of a woman, so beautiful and strange to them.

All words ceased. They sank into place beside the table with the thump of falling sand-bags. They were all in their shirt sleeves, but they were cleanly washed, and the most of them had combed their hair; but they seemed very wild and hairy to Mrs. Field. She looked at her husband and Ridgeley with a grateful pleasure; it was so restful to have them on each side of her

The men ate like hungry dogs. They gorged in silence. Nothing was heard but the clank of knives on tin plates, the drop of heavy plates of food, and the occasional muttered words of some one asking for the bread and the gravy.

As they ate they furtively looked with great curiosity and admiration up at the dainty woman. Their eyes were bright and large, and gleamed out of the obscure brown of their dimly lighted faces with savage intensity—so it seemed to Mrs. Field, and she dropped her eyes upon her plate.

Her husband and Ridgeley entered into conversation with those sitting near. Ridgeley seemed on good terms with them all, and ventured a joke or word, at which they laughed with terrific energy, and fell as suddenly silent again.

As Mrs. Field looked up the second time she saw the dark, strange face of Williams a few places down, and opposite her. His eyes were fixed on her husband's hands with a singular intensity. Her eyes followed his, and the beauty of her husband's hands came to her again with new force. They were perfectly shaped, supple, warm-colored, and deft. Their color and deftness stood out in vivid contrast to the heavy, brown, cracked, and calloused pawlike hands of the men.

Why should Williams study her husband's hands? If he had looked at her she would not have been surprised. The other men she could read. They expressed either frank, simple admiration or lecherous desire. But this man looked at her husband, and his eyes fell often upon his own hands, which trembled with fatigue. He handled his knife clumsily, and yet she could see he had a fine hand—a slender, powerful hand like that people call an artist hand—a craftsmanlike hand.

He saw her looking at him, and he flashed one enigmatical glance into her eyes, and rose to go out.

"How you getting on, Williams?" Ridgeley asked.

Williams resented his question. "Oh, I'm all right," he said, sullenly.

The meal was all over in an incredibly short time. One by one, two by two, they rose heavily and lumbered out with one last wistful look at Mrs. Field. She will never know how beautiful she seemed sitting there amid those rough surroundings—the dim red light of the kerosene lamp falling across her clear pallor, out of which her dark eyes shone with liquid softness, made more soft by her half-sorrowful tenderness for these homeless fellows.

An hour later, as they were standing at the door, just ready to take to their sleigh, they heard the scraping of a fiddle.

"Oh, some one is going to play!" Mrs. Field cried, with visions of the rollicking good times she had heard about. "Can't I look in?"

Ridgeley was dubious. "I'll go and see," he said, and entered the door. "Boys, Mrs. Field wants to look in a minute. Go on with your fiddling, Sam—only I wanted to see that you weren't sitting around in dishabille."

This seemed a good joke, and they all howled gleefully.

"So go right ahead with your evening prayers. All but—"

"All right, captain," said Sam, the man with the fiddle.

When Mrs. Field looked in, two men were furiously grinding axes; several were sewing on ragged garments; all were smoking; some were dressing chapped or bruised fingers. The atmosphere was horrible. The socks and shirts were steaming above the huge stove; the smoke and stench for a moment were sickening, but Ridgeley pushed them just inside the door.

"It's better out of the draught."

Sam jigged away on the violin. The men kept time with the cranks of the grind-stone, and all hands looked up with a grin at Mrs. Field. As her sense of smell became deadened the air seemed a little more tolerable.

Ridgeley threw open the window. "In the old days," he explained to Mrs. Field, "we used a fireplace, and that kept the air better."

"Play us a tune," said Sam, extending the violin to Field. He did not think Field could play. It was merely a shot in the dark.

Field took it and looked at it and sounded it. On every side the men turned face in eager expectancy.

"He can play, that fellow."

"I'll bet he can. He handles her as if he knew her."

"You bet your life. Tune up, Cap."

Williams came from the obscurity somewhere, and looked over the shoulders of the men.

"Down in front," somebody called, and the men took seats on the benches, leaving Field standing with the violin in hand. He smiled around upon them in a frank pleased way, quite ready to show his skill. He played "Annie Laurie," and a storm of applause broke out.

"*Hoo*-ray! Bully for you!"

"Sam, you're out of it."

"Sam, your name is Mud."

"Give us another, Cap."

"It ain't the same fiddle."

He played again some simple tune, and he played it with the touch which showed the skilled amateur. As he played, his wife noticed a grave restlessness on Williams's part. He moved about uneasily. He gnawed at his finger nails. His eyes glowed with a singular fire. His hands drummed and fingered. At last he approached and said, roughly,

"Let me take that fiddle a minute."

"Oh, cheese it, Williams!" the men cried. "Let the other man play."

"What do you want to do with the fiddle—think it's a music-box?" asked Sam, its owner.

"Go to hell!" said Williams. As Field gave the violin over to him his hands seemed to tremble with eagerness.

He raised his bow and struck into an imposing brilliant strain, and the men fell back in astonishment.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Sam.

"Keep quiet, Sam."

Mrs. Field looked at her husband. "Why, Ed, he is playing Sarasate!"

"That's what he is," he returned, slangily, too much astonished to do more than gaze. Williams played on.

There was a faint defect in tone, as if his fingers did not touch the strings properly, but his bow action showed cultivation and breadth of feeling. As he struck into one of those difficult octave-leaping movements his face became savage. On the E string a squeal broke forth; he flung the violin into Sam's lap with a ferocious curse, and then extending his hands, hard, crooked to fit the axe-helve, calloused and chapped, he said to Field:

"Look at my cursed hands. Lovely things to play with, ain't they?"

His voice trembled with emotion. He turned and went outside. As he passed Mrs. Field his face seemed to be writhing with some terrible emotion, and he was uttering a sort of groaning cry.

She went out quickly, and Field and Ridgeley followed. They were all moved—but the men made little of it, seeing how deeply touched she was.

"That's what drink does for a man," Ridgeley said.

"That man has been an artist," said Field. "What's he doing up here?"

"Came up to get away from himself," Ridgeley replied.

"I'm afraid he's failed," said Field.

The ride home was made mainly in silence. "Oh the splendid silence!" the woman kept saying in her heart. "Oh the splendid moonlight, the marvellous radiance!" Everywhere a heavenly serenity—not a footstep, not a bell, not a cry, not a cracking tree—nothing but vivid light white snow dappled and lined with shadows, and trees etched against a starlit sky. Splendor of light and sheen and shadow. Wide wastes of snow so white the stumps stood like columns of charcoal. A night of Nature's making when she is tired of noise and blare of color.

And in the midst of it stood the camps and the reek of obscenity, foul odors, and tobacco smoke, to which a tortured soul must return.

IV.

The following afternoon, as Ridgeley and Field entered the office, Williams rose to meet them. He looked different; finer someway, Field imagined. At any rate, he was perfectly sober. He was freshly shaven, and though his clothes were rough, he looked like a man of education. His manner was cold and distant.

"I'd like to be paid off, Mr. Ridgeley," he said. "I guess what's left of my pay will take me out of this."

"Where do you propose to go?" Ridgeley said, kindly.

Williams must have perceived his kindliness, for he answered. "I'm going home to my wife. I am going to try it once more."

After Williams went out Field said, "I wonder if he'll do it?"

"Oh, I shouldn't wonder. I've seen men brace up just as mysteriously as that and stay right by their resolutions. I thought he didn't look like a common lumber Jack when he came in."

"Oh, how happy his wife will be!" Mrs. Field cried when she heard of Williams's resolution.

"Well, I don't know; depends on what kind of a woman she is."

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE CURSE OF WEALTH.

"What shall I put my dollars in?" he asked in wild dismay.
"I've fifty thousand of 'em, and I'd like to keep 'em too.
I'd like to put them by to serve some future rainy day,
But in these times of queer finance what can a fellow do?

"A railway bond is picturesque, and the supply is great,
But strangely like a novel that upon occasion drags,
Of which the critics of the time in hackneyed phrases state,
'The work has certain value, but the int'rest often flags!'

"The same is true of railway shares. 'Tis safer to invest
In ploughshares, so it seems to me, in this unhappy time.
Some think great wealth a blessing, but it cannot stand the test.
He's happier by far than I who's but a single dime.

"He does not lie awake at night and fret and fume, to think
Of bank officials on a spree with what he's toiled to get.
He is not driven by his woe quite to the verge of drink
By wondering if his balance in the bank remains there yet.

"He does not pick the paper up in terror every night
To see if V.B.G. is up, or P.D.Q. is down;
It does not fill his anxious soul with nerve-destroying fright
To hear the Wall Street rumors that are flying 'bout the town.

"Ah, better had I ta'en that cash that I have skimped to save,
And spent it on my living and my pleasures day by day!
I would not now be goaded nigh unto my waiting grave,
By wondering how the deuce to keep those dollars mine for aye.

"I'd not be bankrupt in my nerves and prematurely old,
These golden shackles must be burst; I must again be free.
What Ho without! My ducats—to the winds with all my gold,
That I may once again enjoy the rest of poverty."

John Kendrick Bangs.

MISS SIBYL SANDERSON.

THE OPENING OPERA SEASON.

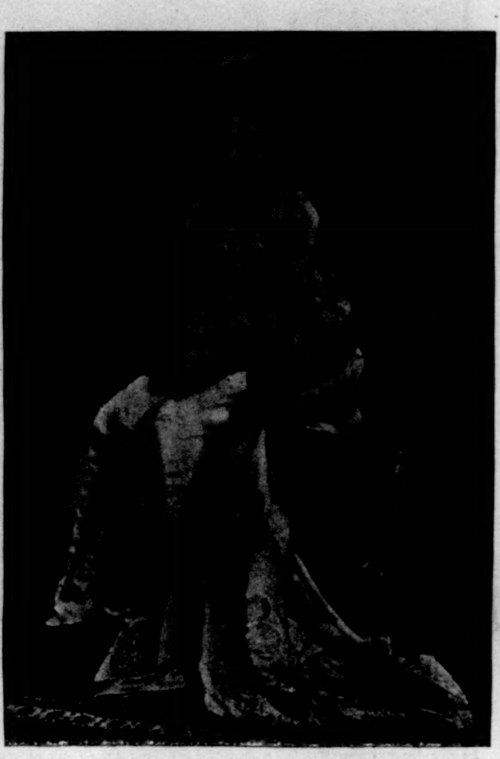
When the New York musical public deplores the exotic nature of its annual opera seasons, and sighs for a *Stadt-Theater*, and a subsidy from the city fathers that would make the performances of anything, from the *Trovatore* to the *Dusk of the Gods*, a municipal care, it quite forgets how tired it would get of the same singers in the same rôles year by year. The kindly sentiment toward the soprano or tenor of yester-year, which is so characteristic of Germany, Austria, and France, does not much exist here. Long before it is a matter of a worn organ or of an unromantic presence, New York opera-goers are eager for a new deal of the court cards. The veteran has small chance to lag superfluous on our stage. The restless and ever-comparative American mind seeks novelty with a curious and rather heartless pertinacity, its familiarity breeding indifference.

Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, & Grau have warily introduced a liberal contingent of singers at the New Metropolitan—its season beginning this week—that last year did not find named on their prospectus. Already the quality of several of them will have been discussed and weighed—let us hope with recognition of an advantage to the imposing group of artists to be utilized in cast after cast of an exceptionally brilliant season—by all outlooks. One star on the stage, as well as in the firmament, differeth from another in glory, and here is a whole galaxy of those really, or to all intents and purposes, new voices to New York.

Mr. Victor Maurel has not graced our opera since far back in 1874 or 1875. Then he was almost a débutant in his profession, and Nilsson was in full vogue. In the mean time his career has been exceptionally broad and growing. His superb barytone has been the enthusiasm of half the great operatic centres of Europe, and in more than one trait Maurel has no rival. His is *par excellence* the Iago of Verdi's *Otello*. The rôle was written for him—and he is a noble Rigoletto, a superb Don Giovanni, Count Almaviva, and lastly a Falstaff of splendid distinction (the last part Verdi also put to paper expressly and affectionately for him), and he comes to us to interpret his repertory with the honors and applause of a dozen metropolises. His disguise in the part of the portly Sir John, by-the-bye, is a marvel of concealment of the real outlines of a man's face and figure; a triumph of *maquillage* and padding, and of inflated India-rubber—put just where it will do the most good.

Miss Sibyl Sanderson's successes in Massenet's most recent scores at the Paris Opéra and Opéra Comique are almost as well known here among her compatriots—for she is a Californian by birth. Her extraordinarily high soprano, with its "Eiffel Tower notes," as some French feuilletoniste termed them, have been the talk of Paris since her début there in 1889. Her long successes in *Esclarmonde*, in *Manon*, in *The Cid*, *Thais*, and in the *Phryne* of Saint-Saëns, are among the signal ones of the so-called "American voice" abroad. Massenet, particularly, has composed every recent score with her flutelike brilliant penetrating notes in his mind, and her appearance in the title parts understood. Miss Sanderson is now in the height of her vocal powers, her youth, and her beauty; and doubtless she revisits her native country to do anything but diminish her quickly won prestige, or to find herself a cantatrice without honor in her own country.

Mr. Francesco Tamagno needs no word of comment here, on this third or fourth visit to us of an extraordinary tenor—one might call him a barytone-tenor, so robust and large is his magnificent voice. He is, moreover, an actor whose terrific sincerity in at least one rôle, Otello, will not easily be forgot. He has a very considerable repertory, and his Radames, Raoul de Nangis, and Manrico are notable things, vocally and dramatically; but it is as Shakespeare's Moor that he is unique. Will one ever forget that terrific "Sangue—sangue"? His joining Mr. Abbey's forces this season, along with Mr. Maurel, insures some remarkable interpretations of Verdi's great lyric drama. Of large stature, he looks often gigantic on the stage; and the apparently unlimited volume and resonance of his tenor is in keeping with such a colossus of the opera-house. In South America, always devoted to Italian opera, Mr. Tamagno has been especially a furor, and he comes to us thence, as he did before.



MADAME MELBA AS JULIET.

FRANCESCO TAMAGNO IN "WILLIAM TELL."

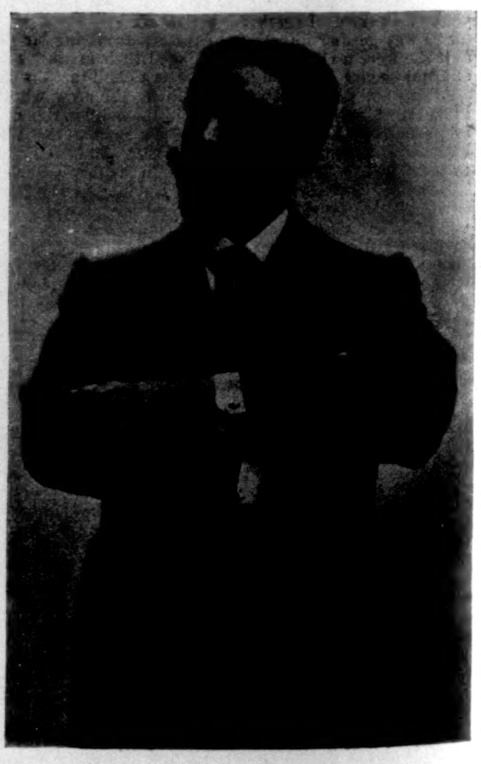
Miss Zelie De Lussan left us a few years ago with already a charmingly fresh soprano voice, and evidences of a good deal of intelligence and vivacity as an actress. Her Carmen at that time already was remarked as a peculiarly clever conception, and she sung the part several times here admirably while a member of a small opera company. As Carmen she has made one of her chief successes abroad, where she has step by step taken her place in the foremost operatic organizations, especially with the late Carl Rosa's troupe. It will be interesting to discuss her Carmen with Madame Calvé's—that lady not being a member of Mr. Abbey's company this winter—and there are those who maintain its superiority. Miss De Lussan is emphatically an American, in spite of her French name, and her return to New York under such auspices is a thorough delight to her. She also includes in her repertory Marguerite, Susanna—that captivating little *intrigante*—Aïda, and other stock parts, lyric and dramatic.

Additional to all the above principals in the Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, & Grau's troupe for our Opera-house in 1894-5 are several absolute new-comers, engaged in one or another degree of expected efficiency: Miss Mira Heller, florid soprano; Mrs. Lybia Drog, dramatic soprano; Miss Lucille Hill (another American by nationality); Miss Eugenia Mantelli, Mrs. Van Cauteren, and the Messrs. Ottavio Nouvelli, Maurizio Bensaude, Bogini, Mariani, and Abramoff, the eminent Russian basso. All these names are in supplement to a group of former favorites—Mesdames Melba, Eames, Scalchi, De Vigne, Nordica, Bauermeister, Messrs. Eduard and Jean de Reszké, Ancona, Mauguière, Plançon, Castelmary, *et al.* That vibrant-voiced young barytone Mr. Campanari is also one of this season's extra engagements, and a welcome one. The new choral material (American) is likely to be of valuable help, and with a corps and such directors as Messrs. Mancinelli and Bevignani many performances of this winter at the New Metropolitan should scintillate with brilliancy. The season will include thirteen weeks—thirty-nine nights and thirteen afternoon performances. Much pleasure may they give the town!

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

VICTOR MAUREL AS FALSTAFF.

MISS ZELIE DE LUSSAN AS CARMEN.



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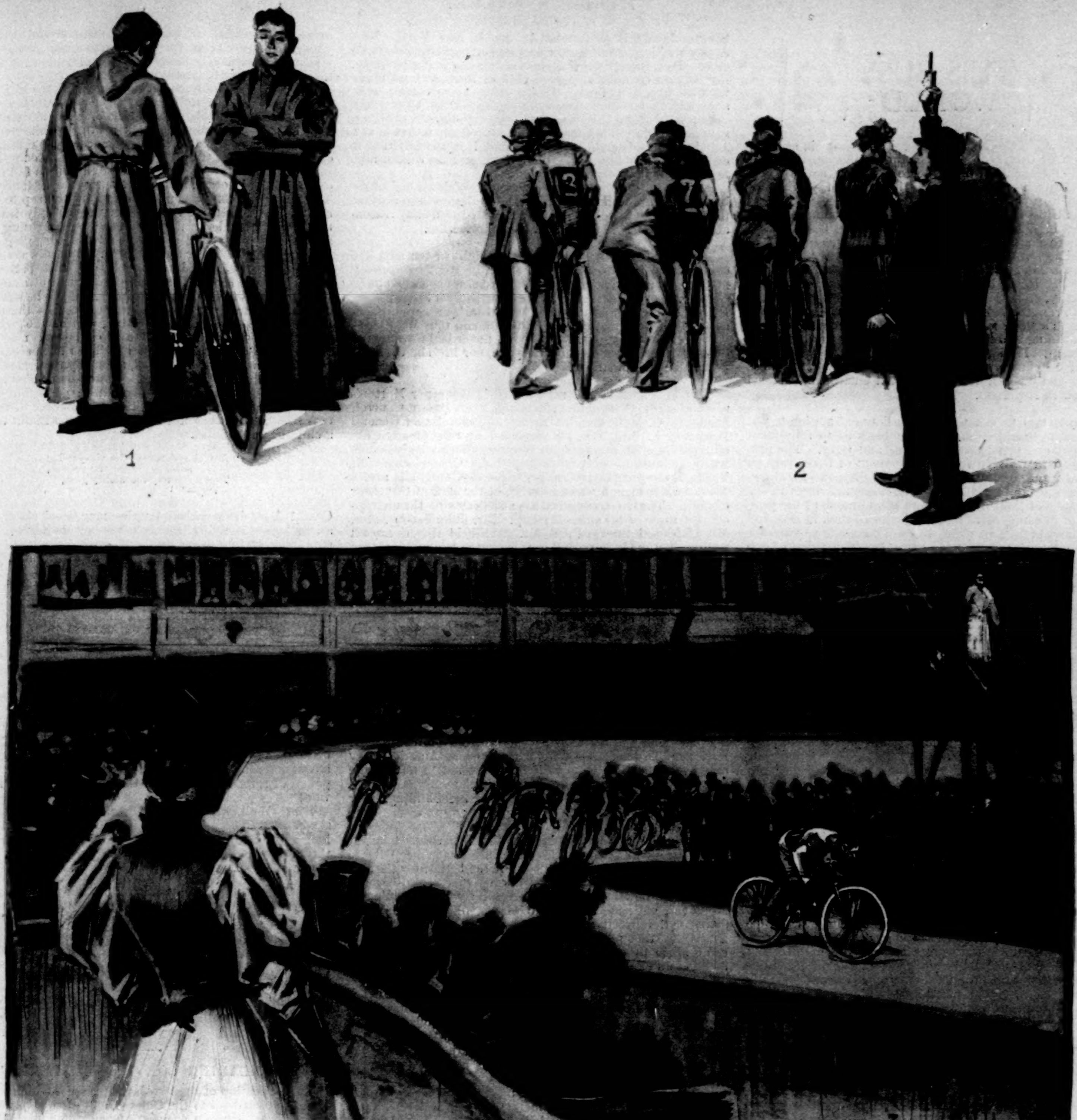


THE BICYCLE TOURNAMENT AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 1162.]

1. Awaiting their Turn. 2. A Start. 3. Turning the Corner, showing the Angle of Elevation of the Track. 4. Acrobatic. 5. Announcing the Scores. 6. A Collision.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE officers of the National Guard of Wisconsin applaud the action of Governor-elect Upham in offering the office of Adjutant-General of the State to Captain Charles King. Captain King, it seems, was on the point of joining his family in Europe, but the claim to his services put in by Governor Upham has unsettled his plans. Military men of all parties in Wisconsin speak of him as the best possible man to take charge of the State troops, and are anxious that he should accept the Governor's offer. Governor Upham is a veteran soldier himself, and his title Major has a valid foundation. He and Captain King enlisted as boys in the Union army, and saw some service in the field before they were both sent to West Point in the same class by President Lincoln. The long intimacy that has existed between them makes it the more difficult for Captain King to decline the appointment. He has been long associated with the State troops of Wisconsin, and served that State for ten years as inspector and instructor of its National Guard, and Colonel of its Fourth Regiment.

It is intended to ask Congress in its next session to put the life-saving service on the same basis as to retirement on half-pay and pensions as the army and navy. The proposed bill will provide for the retirement of life-savers on half-pay because of age or physical disability, and for allowances for the families of those who lose their lives in the performance of their duty. There is no branch of the public service in which more heroism is shown than in this, and scarcely any branch in which the work done is so valuable in proportion to the cost of doing it. The value of the property saved by the service last year exceeded seven million dollars, and 658 shipwrecked persons were succored at the stations.

The American Authors' Guild proposes to issue a quarterly which shall be called *The Man of Letters*, and shall be the organ of the Guild. That it will be issued on a modest scale, and will not conflict with reviews in being, is suggested by the proviso that the cost of each issue to the society shall not exceed fifty dollars.

The Guild has petitioned the Postmaster-General to revise the ruling of the department which prescribes full letter rates of postage on manuscripts. The Guild thinks that manuscripts are merchandise, and should pay no more postage than dry-goods or seeds.

The 7th, 8th, and 10th of December are the days of the Fair and Authors' Reception, engineered by the Round Table of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital for children. The place is Sherry's ballroom on Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street. Besides the distinguished authors who will be on exhibition there, there will be everything that such a fair ought to offer. Many considerable money prizes are offered to youthful exhibitors of metal-work, needle-work, things that "go"—such as toy street cars and electric motors—dressed dolls, and photographs by young amateurs. The exhibitors must all be members of the Round Table and under eighteen years old. The readers of the WEEKLY are respectfully notified that this is a fair that they ought not to miss. The authors to be shown are alone worth the price of admission, which is only twenty-five cents. They will not be exhibited in cages, but, though by no means tame writers, will walk around, under proper supervision, among the other folks.

A vociferous need of the times is for some one to compel the Turks to punish the Kurds who made such dreadful work of the poor Armenians. Uncle Sam has been spoken to on the subject, but he says, with much reason, that it is not his business. It might be Russia's business if it were not for England, and it might be England's business if it were not for Russia; but as it is, it seems to be no one's business, and blood of the Armenians cries vainly for vengeance. Such a massacre is enough to make decent people ashamed of being alive in the nineteenth century. Boston means to have something done about it if she can. She has met and talked in Faneuil Hall, and has at least had the satisfaction of expressing her sentiments. Her example would be more generally followed if there were any prospect that it would do any good. The only avenger in sight seems to be the cholera.

American cities, which are everywhere waking up to their need of parks, have reason to envy Hartford, which has received within a few weeks gifts amounting to three-quarters of a million dollars for its new park system. The late Charles Murray Pond left the city a beautiful estate. and $180,000 in money to buy more land and improve it. Colonel Pope soon after offered the city another tract of land, and by the will of Henry Keeney, who died last month, it gets nearly half a million dollars more for the same purpose. These are good gifts fit to come to the notice of testators and benefactors in other cities. Nowadays, when trolley-cars and bicycles make it possible for all city dwellers to get into the country, it is of great importance to provide them with fit places to go to. Well-to-do families that live in town count it among their greatest luxuries to have a country place. Suburban parks are the country places of the poor, and it is a most encouraging sign that they are becoming recognized all over the country as indispensable adjuncts to all the bigger towns.

Miss Frances Willard is anxious to have it known that no resolutions were passed or action taken by the Women's Christian Temperance Union anent the bottle of intoxicating champagne which was broken by Mrs. Cleveland at the christening of the *St. Louis*. What individual Temperance-Unionists may have said in private talk Miss Willard does not know, but she says she has the most sincere respect for Mrs. Cleveland, and that the W.C.T.U. has not criticised her.

And why should it, to be sure? For what would accord more nearly with Temperance Union principles than to break bottles of champagne and let their risky contents run down harmlessly into the sea?

There is a prospect that the Palisades will be protected by joint action of the New York and New Jersey Legislatures. State Senator Winton, of Bergen County, New Jersey, is the active man in the matter for his State, and Senator Lexow is to do what he can in New York. New Jersey's action in the matter will be comparatively disinterested, since, though the Palisades are mainly in her territory, her citizens cannot get a good view of them without crossing over into New York. If she takes the necessary measures and spends the necessary money ($500,000) to preserve them, she will put the rest of the country under a considerable obligation. That may be an inducement to her to act, and if she needs another she may find it in the fact that to care for her Palisades is her plain duty, and she cannot neglect it without injury to her reputation.

Senator Lexow should have no trouble with his end of the business. New York's interest in the Palisades is so obvious that her Legislature may surely be trusted to do any reasonable thing that is suggested for their protection.

Mayor-elect Strong says that after eight or ten men had called to see him about street-cleaning, he went by appointment to see a lady, from whom he learned more about street-cleaning in seven or eight minutes than he ever knew before. It is to be hoped that that lady would take an appointment as head of the Street-cleaning Bureau, and that Mr. Strong will give it to her. New York has never had a woman to command her street-cleaning brigade, nor has she ever had particularly clean streets.

New York city is well represented in Governor Morton's military staff. Colonel E. A. McAlpin, his Adjutant-General, Frederick C. McLewee, his Inspector-General, and General Benjamin F. Whitlock, his inspector of rifle practice, are all graduates of the Seventh Regiment, and all gentlemen who are known to be fit for their places. Colonel James M. Varnum, the prospective Judge-Advocate-General, is also a New York man, and was a member of the staff of Governor Cornell. The Governor-elect has also drawn on the metropolis for three of his aides-de camp. Mr. John Jacob Astor, Mr. Lispenard Stewart, and Mr. Archibald Rogers are all well known in Gotham, and are all men in whom, by reason of the pecuniary felicities of their several estates, the general public feels a special interest. Their appointments will be popular, especially that of Mr. Astor, who has been much and very creditably before the public of recent years, but has not before held any public office.

The Harvard Overseers have set a good example in determining to appoint an art commission which shall pass on all artistic questions relating to the university property. It is felt that there has been too much incongruous and hap-hazard building on Harvard soil, and future benefactors who propose to confer halls or dormitories on the university will have the benefit of the new commission's aid in securing plans that will harmonize with the edifices already built. It is possible that some time or other every American city may have a similar commission, empowered to temper the caprices of individual builders, and regulate new structures into some sort of correspondence with the buildings near them.

The Boston *Transcript* observes that Americans take off their hats in picture-galleries and Englishmen keep theirs on. It thinks the English custom is the better, for the reason that picture-galleries are draughty places, and because a man needs both hands to deal successfully with a catalogue Moreover, galleries are public places, like hotel lobbies, stores, and railroad stations, and it does not seem to the *Transcript* that politeness requires that men's hats should come off in them, though possibly an exception should be made of an exhibition of ladies' portraits.

Much as Doctor McCosh was loved and honored, his death cannot be said to have eclipsed the gayety of nations. It is long since so many funny stories have been published about any one as those about him that have found their way into the newspapers since his death. Some of them are extremely amusing; most of them turn on his absent-mindedness; all of them show him in a most kindly light, and help to explain the lively affection that he inspired among his young men. To be renowned as a metaphysician, and yet remain the most human of human beings, is no small exploit, but Dr. McCosh was easily equal to it. Such a man must have been very good to know, and it is pleasant to learn that one of his employments in the last years of his life was the preparation of an autobiography. If only he put into it plenty of McCosh, and not too much metaphysics, it should certainly make admirable reading.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE BICYCLE RACES.

THE saying that all men love to see other men work has been exemplified in the thousands of persons who have gathered nightly in the Madison Square Garden to witness the international bicycle-races of the past week.

The great arena had been floored over and encircled by an oval track one-tenth of a mile in length, nearly level on the sides, but at the ends, out of respect to the laws of centrifugal force, sloping steeply upward, like the spoon-shaped foot of the old Tuque Blen toboggan-slide in Montreal. Many an aching bone testified to the price of experience in the art of turning that curve at twenty miles an hour.

This tournament was under the auspices of the Metropolitan Association of Cycling Clubs, and drew its contestants from all parts of the United States and Europe—more than 250 in all. The races occupied the evenings from Tuesday until Saturday, but on account of the great number of entries, trial heats were run each afternoon, by which the best riders were sifted out for the real contests at night. The value of the prizes offered was announced to be $10,000.

Races of half a mile, one, five, and ten miles, with and without handicaps, were appointed, but most of them were for three miles and in several heats. The "crack" professional riders were thus seen in various "events." Zimmerman, of course, attracted the most attention, especially when once he left his machine and went part way around the course on the flat of his back; but Wheeler, Butler, Murphy, Edwards, Lesna, Albert, Blauvelt, Verheyen, and others of reputation were noted and cheered by friends interested in seeing them defend their laurels. These were not only maintained, but in many cases added to, and several new "records" for fast time were placed to the credit of riders who struggled for this distinction with terrific exertion, knowing that next week somewhere else they must work still harder to defend if not surpass the same speed. It is an extraordinary way to make a living!

So far as the casual spectator could perceive it, one or two races told the whole story.

Half a dozen men came out of the crowd of attendants, and others, who clustered at one end of the ring, threw off overcoats, revealing tall, big-limbed, rather round-shouldered young athletes, clad in varicolored tights like circus actors, who unceremoniously bestrode the cycles held for them at the starting-point by assistants.

While they get ready, an official announces the kind of race and the catalogue numbers of the contestants, but nobody listens to him, for a blackboard tells the same story, and each man has pinned across his back a huge printed number, which completely spoils the appearance of his costume, but enables you to identify him all the time. This done, a pistol is fired, and the racers dart ahead together, then fall into line one behind the other, and about the same distance apart. The leader sets the pace, and the rest try to keep to it—upright for two or three seconds, leaning sharply inward as they swing round the tipped-up east end, righting on this side, inclining gracefully at the west end, springing to even keel again on the other stretch, always fast, always in line. Some are brown, some blue, someb lack, some particolored, but all bend over in the same constrained attitude; none speak, or move head or arms or body, but the legs strike up and down with ceaseless regular motion, like the driving-rods of a twelve-wheel locomotive; and so the procession sweeps round and round, like a connected mechanism. There is nothing human about it. The racers seem to be a mere machine, invisibly moved, strangely decorated, and as irresponsive as a sidewalk toy. You wonder how long before its works run down. The music plays, but nobody heeds it. There is a sort of dizzy fascination in watching that silent, swift, ceaseless revolution, and without thinking a child begins to hum:

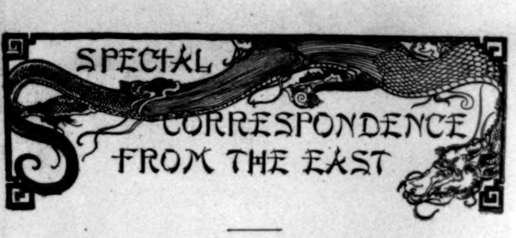
"Round and round the vinegar-jug
 The monkey chased the weasel;
That's the way the money goes,
 Pop—"

Crash! A scarlet and black tangle—man, steel, silver wheels, arms, legs—is flying through the air, bumping, rolling, sprawling, sliding, lying dead-still beside the track. They rush to pick it up, and the little girl finishes her jingle—

"*Pop* goes the weasel."

The racers pay no attention to the mishap. Five now pursue one another instead of six, that is all, pumping, pumping, pumping, without looking right or left. But suddenly one of the links in the chain—one of the spiders, blue, red, green, brown, with black legs, that are swinging around this oval web—shoots forward, and swerving high up on the tilted track, gets to the front. The pace quickens. One sees that this machine can go faster—that it is not altogether a unit. Its parts are individual, can forge ahead and fall back, can crook the knees and press the feet harder and harder, can recover a lead, or at least fight for it. The line becomes a bunch, the colors slowly change places, the elbows sharpen out as the shoulders crouch lower, the last pound of force is urged upon the pedals—the best man has won!

Yes? Well, what of it? Oh, nothing! Here are thousands of people applauding with throat and palms, and as long as the world endures men will admire the athlete and the power to *win*, without inquiring too closely as to the worth of the exertion.



BEHEADING CONVICTS IN PEKING.

THE execution of the two Japanese spies whom we Americans delivered up to the Chinese, and the decapitation of a man-of-war's captain accused of cowardice in the sea-fight off Ping-Yang, were recent notable instances of the use of the headsman's sword here in China. There have been other beheadings, for offences growing out of the war and for the ordinary criminal offences, and these have lent a new interest to the subject, even to foreigners resident in China, who frequently read of such punishments, but seldom witness them or hear them described. I have been so fortunate as to fall in with a distinguished European who witnessed the legal slaughter of a number of criminals in Peking. The account he has given me of what he saw is so unlike the popular idea of the methods of justice here that I have written down the substance of it.

"Fancy," said he, "the usual scene at one of the gates of the city at six o'clock in the morning. All the scenes peculiar to the early morning hours formed the background of the dreadful spectacle. Long lines of camels were bringing in coal; the vegetable-venders were groaning, singing, and shouting over their loads; the rabble of men, women, and children, soldiers, beggars, and dogs, were all pouring in, as if the city's myriad souls had all been spending the night in the suburbs. A large rude mat shed had been erected for the prisoners near the gate, and at a distance another such shed—set with tables in a semicircular line—had been thrown up hastily to accommodate the official who was to preside at the ceremony with his staff and secretaries. The prisoners were being trundled out to their fate in a clumsy tumbrel. It halted, as all such vehicles do, at a wine-shop near the gate, and there their guards purchased for them a drink of spirits—the last luxury or comfort they were to know on earth. The popular belief is that the spirits or wine there served to them is always drugged, and perhaps it is a fact that condemned men who are able to pay a small sum for the favor obtain a little opium or other drug with their drink, in order that they may be stupefied by the time they are made to kneel beneath the headsman's sword. At all events the shop has been from time immemorial the place where condemned prisoners invariably stop to drink on their way to death, and quite as invariably see the cups or glasses smashed upon the ground when they have emptied them.

"When the first mat shed was reached they were handed out of the van, and at that time I came upon them, seated under the shed, with their arms pinioned so fearfully tight at the elbows that you would have thought their shoulders were dislocated. A crowd gathered in front of the shed, and the more humane among the on-lookers gave them smokes from their pipes, and sweets as well, and many talked with the poor fellows, some lightly, some out of curiosity to learn what men in such a plight could say for themselves, and others comfortingly, out of mere humanity. Each man carried a stick of wood behind his head, and each such slab bore a card, upon which was written the man's name and the crime of which he had been convicted. They were very ordinary criminals. The Emperor had recently looked over the year's list of men condemned to die, and had marked the names of these as the persons whose immediate punishment he ordered. He left—or usually does leave—a number unmarked to wait another year, when their names will again come before him. Such men have good ground for the hope that they will escape the severest penalty for their crimes, because it is almost a rule that a man who is once passed over is never sent to the block. Less fortunate were the prisoners who were reprieved by the Emperor, because a reprieve in such a case is merely a change of sentence from decapitation to strangulation. The Chinese have a dread of being mutilated. Their religion teaches them that they should deliver their bodies to Heaven whole and sound as their parents gave them to them. Therefore men spend all they have and all their relatives can raise to obtain this reprieve, as it is called, and to be strangled instead of beheaded.

"The official on duty on the morning of which I speak, having reached the other shed, clad in all the glory of a mandarin's dress—button, necklace, breast-cloth, and all—ordered the men brought before him one by one. The law says that in such cases the condemned men shall admit their guilt, and ask that punishment be no longer deferred. Like almost all good law and almost all good logic in China, this regulation is turned into mere ceremony and pretence. The prisoners neither say nor do anything, but a man who stands behind each one pushes him over, bumps his head on the ground, and says 'Yow.' This word, or one with that sound, means, 'I want,' and the presiding mandarin understands it to have been uttered by the prisoner, and to mean, 'I want to be punished.' While the official ticks off the man's name upon the list before him, the man is pressed down upon the ground, and a red cross is painted on his neck. This is done in order that the right head may be fitted upon the right body afterwards, if proof of the man's death is required for official entry.

"The prisoner thus painted is pulled away to the execution-ground, where the headsman is heating his swords in a great caldron of hot water. The swords are rather more like knives than swords. Each is a yard in length, half an inch thick at the edge, and an inch and a half or two inches thick at the back. If you should weld together nine or ten of our heaviest axes, one laid beyond the other, you would make something like one of these knives. The victim is laid upon his belly and face, and his legs are tied together. A long piece of whip-cord is looped under the man's jaw and tied into his pigtail. So much of its free end is left that two men go off with it. to a distance and pull on it with all their might, while a third one sits on the condemned man's back. The executioner seizes a knife and stands over the victim, whose neck is seen to pull out—and out—and out. The knife falls, the head is severed, and frequently the men who are pulling the whip-cord fall backward and roll half over, like tumblers in a circus. The executioner picks up the head and holds it towards the mandarin, who looks at it carelessly and calmly, and makes a mark upon the tally list in front of him. I was less stolid than he, especially when, happening to glance at one of the heads, I saw it open its mouth just as it was held up to the mandarin's view. It was then placed beside the body, and the next felon was brought out and treated in the same way.

"Two or three prisoners were to be strangled on this occasion, and though I went away twice, from sheer inability to witness their execution, I was urged back by a friend who accompanied me, and thus I saw enough to be able to describe that mode of punishment also. The executioner tied a short bit of whip-cord around each man's throat, and then putting a stick of wood in the slack of the cord at the back of the neck, turned the stick and tightened the cord until it was evident that it could not be made tighter. For some reason he immediately loosened the cord (in each case, others said), and then tightened it again and fastened it. The victims made no sound, but a quiver passed over their bodies, and their fingers were seen to curl in as if their fists were being clinched. That was all. The mandarin sent a clerk to check off the names of these victims, and thus the law was vindicated, or avenged." JULIAN RALPH.

CHAPOO, CHINA, *October 27th.*

THE ELEVENTH CENSUS.

BY J. K. UPTON.

THE results of the Eleventh Census are substantially in the hands of the public printer, or have already been published. Exclusive of printing and binding, it will have cost not less than $10,000,000. For the enormous expenditure the public will obtain of reports twenty-five quarto volumes of about one thousand pages each, a compendium in three parts, and an abstract, of one small volume, all filled mainly with tables showing in detail and aggregate the population and material condition of the country, the resources of Alaska, and the condition and progress of the Indian.

The work has been done under the supervision and direction of the Census Office, a bureau of the Department of the Interior, and Congress has, with little or no objection from any member, furnished the means necessary for its prosecution. The field into which census inquiries have been pushed has been enlarged at every recurring census, but noticeably so in the last, the additional duties of which were sufficient of themselves to engage the resources of a well-established bureau; yet such duties were but incidental to the great work which has been accomplished by the Census Office.

Notwithstanding the increased number of inquiries, that office has tabulated a greater portion of the information gathered than was done in the taking of the Tenth Census, and the future historian will find little lack of data from which to determine for the year 1890 the material and social condition of the country. The reports of the Eleventh Census will furnish information as follows:

Of Population.—The total, 62,622,250, will be shown by State, county, city, town, township, borough, village, or precinct, being the official basis for the apportionment of Congressional representation. This total will also be classified by States and principal cities, by sex and color, of which the totals are as follows:

Males	32,067,880
Females	30,554,370
White	54,983,890
Negro	7,470,040
Chinese	107,475
Japanese	2,039
Civilized Indians	58,806

Additional tables will show, with like geographical classification, the total, the number of native and foreign born population, and of the native white how many had native and how many had foreign parents, and of the foreign-born the country of their nativity.

There will also be shown by States and counties or principal cities the number of persons of school, militia, and voting age, classified by sex, nativity, and color. Of these the number of school age, 5 to 20 years, aggregates, of all classes, 22,447,302, of which 21,103,353 are native-born and 1,344,039 foreign-born, 3,196,827 being colored; the number of males 18 to 44, the militia age, aggregates 12,230,168, of which the native white constitute 9,086,066, the colored, 1,426,204; and the number of males of voting age, 16,940,311, of which the native-born number 12,591,852.

There will also be shown for the entire population the conjugal condition, whether single, married, widowed, or divorced, classified by sex; the illiterate population, ten years of age and over, classified by sex, by white, native white, foreign white, colored, and the foreign-born; number of foreign-born male citizens, classified by those speaking English, naturalized, and first papers; the number of dwellings and persons to a dwelling; number of families and persons to a family; the number in each State engaged in each of the 220 occupations reported, classified by sex, color, and nativity, showing number of whites of native parents, native whites of foreign parents, foreign white and colored persons of each occupation, and the total number of unemployed.

Of Indians.—Statistics of the 58,806 civilized Indians included in the general enumeration, showing location and sex; the Indians of Indian Territory and on Indian reservations, numbering 189,487, concerning whom details, by tribes, of condition and location, and of progress, if any, toward civilization, are fully given.

Of Alaska.—The area of this unorganized Territory, the nativity and sex of its 32,053 population, and an exposition of its fisheries and other industries.

Of Vital and Social Statistics.—The number and causes of deaths, with distinction of age, sex, color, birthplace of mother, month or season of the year, locality or topography, all classified by States and Territories, sanitary districts, and principal cities; also number of births, with like tables, showing for principal cities expectancy of life at any given age, color and sex considered, the whole indicating the general healthfulness of every locality in the country, and the diseases, if any, to which each locality is especially subject, thus enabling every person therein to especially guard against them; also the number of convicts in penitentiaries and inmates of juvenile reformatories, classified as white and colored, with distinction of age, race, nativity, the crimes for which convicted and length of sentence imposed; the number of paupers in almshouses in each State and Territory, classified by color, age, nativity, and sex, and the number receiving out-door relief; also the number of insane and feeble-minded, properly classified into groups.

Of Education.—Statistics showing by counties the enrolment of 14,373,670 pupils in public, private, and parochial schools, employing 422,929 teachers; schools will also be classified as white and colored; there is also shown the details of the expenditure for public common schools by counties, aggregating for the census year $139,065,537. Statistics concerning parochial schools have never before been collected, and they will be especially interesting in sections where such schools are asking for public support.

Of Manufactures.—The detailed transactions of 355,415 establishments, employing 4,712,622 persons, who are paid annually wages of $2,283,216,529, and producing in 1890 goods valued at $9,372,437,283, classified by States and Territories; also same totals classified by the several industries, and certain selected industries in total and detail, classified by States and Territories; like information classified for each of the 167 principal cities, and full detailed classification for each of the 27 principal industries, thus showing very fully the cost of labor in relation to that of materials in manufactured products, and the yield of capital invested in manufacturing enterprises. The results include reports of every establishment the annual value of whose output was $500 or more, and the information obtained and tabulated will probably determine to a great extent the national legislation pertaining to these industries.

Of Agriculture.—There will be shown statistics of 4,564,641 farms, valued at $13,279,252,649, classified by counties for June 1, 1890, and showing the average acreage of such farms, and percentage of unimproved lands; number of farms cultivated by owner, number rented for money, and number rented for share of products; the value of lands, fences, and buildings, implements and machinery, and of live-stock on hand, classified as working-oxen, milch-cows, and other cattle, swine, and sheep; and for previous year, the value of farm products, and the cost of fertilizers purchased; the number of horses, mules and asses, neat cattle; the number of fleeces shorn, and pounds of wool clipped; the gallons of milk; pounds of butter, of cheese, and of poultry; the number of chickens, and of all other fowl; dozens of eggs produced; and the acreage and production of barley, buckwheat, Indian corn, oats, rye, wheat, cotton, flax, and hemp; the production of sugar and molasses, hay, rice, tobacco, potatoes—Irish and sweet—apples, apricots, cherries, peaches, pears, plums, and prunes, with comparisons of like productions for three or four previous census periods, thus showing at a glance the existing belts of production and the changes therein during the last forty years.

Of Fisheries.—Showing in what way 163,348 persons are employed in connection with this industry, the capital invested, value of products, number of vessels—their tonnage and value, including apparatus, and the total value of all products, that of whale, seal, menhaden, oyster, and sponge fisheries being separately shown, with special figures concerning carp-culture—all classified by States and Territories.

Of Mineral Products.—The details of mineral products, aggregating $587,230,662 for the calendar year 1889; total by States and districts, and also by minerals, the capital invested, operating expenses in detail, and the value of production, total and in each case.

Of Insurance.—Statistics of 1647 companies—fire, marine, and inland amount of risks in force December 31, 1889, cash and available assets, receipts and expenditures for census year, and cash liabilities at close of that period; of 60 life companies, whose assets aggregated $741,426,453, the income and other receipts, and the disbursements by States for census year; also like statistics for the old-line companies, with risks in force in 1889, and an array of minor details.

Of Churches.—Statistics of 165,177 organizations, the number of ministers, communicants, or members; church edifices—showing number, seating capacity, and value—with an outline of the creed of each of the 143 denominations reported, classified by States.

Of Transportation.—The cost of construction, capital invested, the income and expenditure, indebtedness and assets of railroads having 167,562 miles of single track; the annual number of passengers carried and the tons of freight, the rate per passenger and per ton, all by certain groups; the miles of street railway, the cost of construction, capital invested, the receipts and expenditures per annum, the indebtedness and assets, the rates charged for and the cost of transporting every passenger, with distinction of the power employed, whether cable, horse, or electric; the miles of express companies over railroads, water or stage lines; number, tonnage, and value of packages carried for one year, and the freight moved and passengers carried by steam and sail boats engaged in coast or inland transportation.

Of Valuation of Property.—The assessed valuation of all taxed property, by States, counties, and municipalities, aggregating $25,473,173,418, classified into real and personal, with totals and per capita, the true value of assessed and exempt real estate, by counties and principal cities, and the true value of all property, real and personal, by States, total and per capita, compared with like values of previous census periods as far as practicable.

Of Ad Valorem Taxation.—The total of $471,365,140, classified by States, counties, and minor divisions, and by the several purposes for which levied, as State, county, municipal, or school, and compared with like figures for 1880.

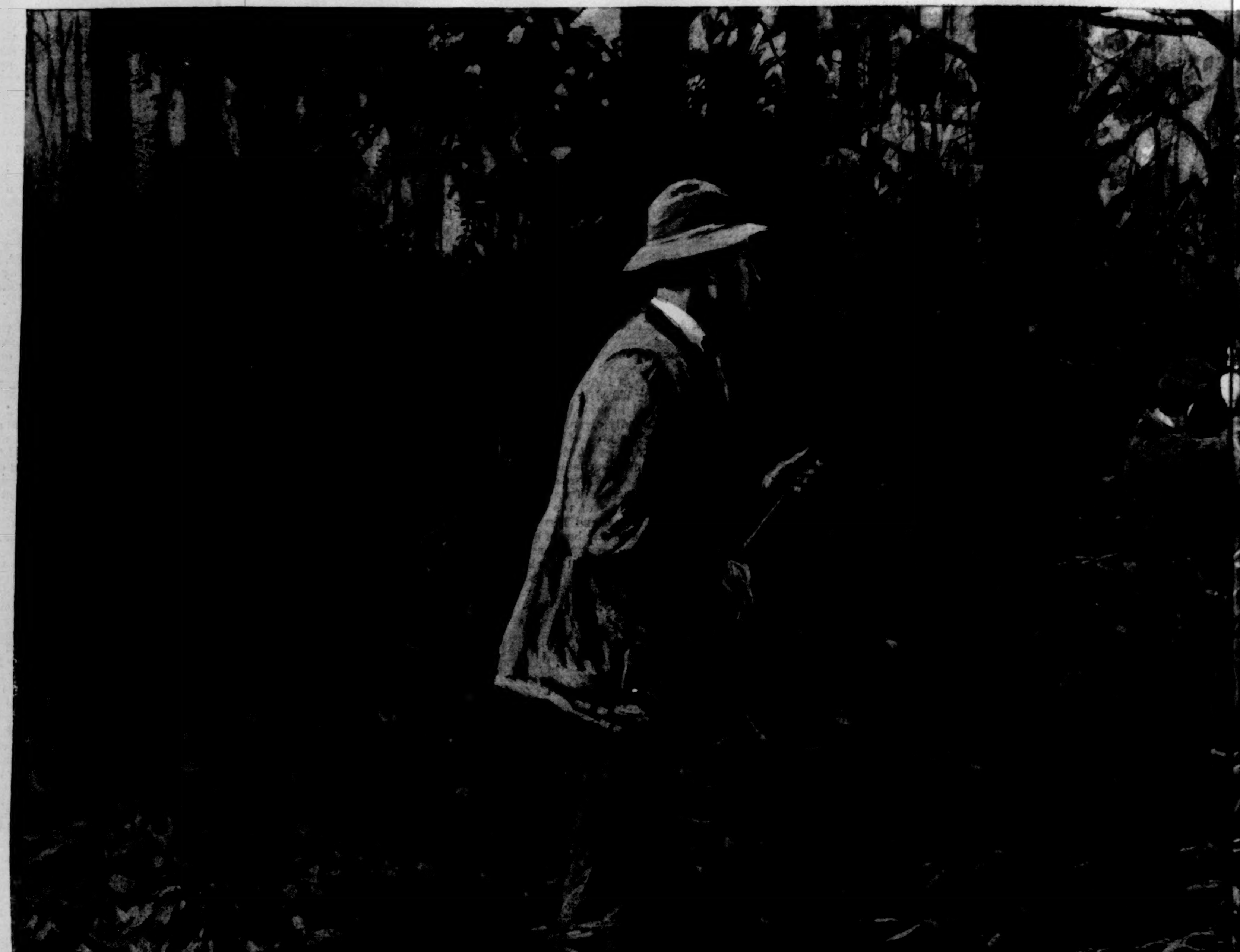
Of Indebtedness.—That of the United States, and the several States, counties, municipalities, and school districts, aggregating $2,027,170,546, classified into bonded and floating; and of the bonded debt, the date of its maturity, the object of its issue, and the rate of interest for all States, counties, and municipalities having 4000 or more population, with totals and per capita for the entire debt.

Of Receipts and Expenditures.—Those of the national government, the several States, 1318 counties in detail, and most of the municipalities having a population of 4000 or more, and approximations for other places, aggregating $1,040,473,013 (of receipts), classified into the several sources of receipt and objects of expenditures, which, as finally grouped, show the sources of all the Federal, State, and municipal revenues, and the several objects for which they were expended, thus presenting for the first time even an approximation of the annual income of the several governments, and the amount and objects for which expended.

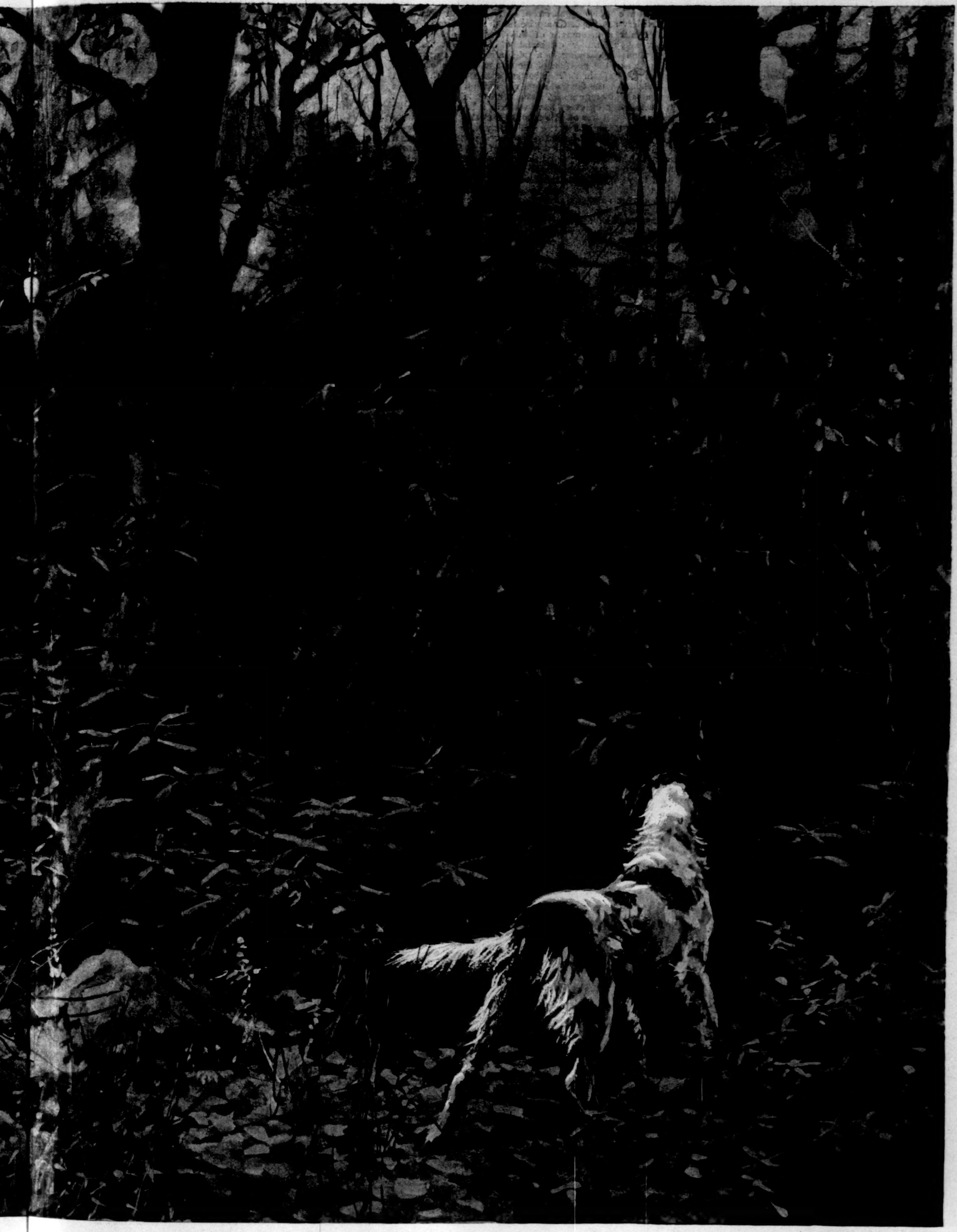
Of Mortgage Indebtedness.—Statistics of 4,777,698 mortgages in force in 1890 on acres and lots aggregating $6,019,679,985; the number of acres and of lots mortgaged; the relation of the amount involved to the true value of the property encumbered; the average annual interest charge, and the specified objects of the indebtedness as ascertained by personal inquiry; also the number and amount of such mortgages entered for record each year from 1880 to 1890, inclusive, of which the number stating amount of debt was 9,517,747, involving $12,094,877,793. In connection therewith will also be shown by States and large cities the total number of farms and homes; the number free from encumbrance, and the number encumbered; also the number of families owning and the number hiring their respective farms and homes; the amount of the encumbrance, and the amount and rate of interest paid thereon; as to the owner, or the head of a tenant family, the place of birth (as Ireland, Germany, etc.), age, sex, race (as black or white or mixed), and nativity of parents of native-born whites; thus showing what class of foreigners are establishing themselves in this country, what progress the colored race has made in getting homes, and what becomes of the first native generation with regard to farm and home proprietorship. All information of this character is novel and interesting, and has no counterpart in any official census. To prepare these figures alone will have cost about $1,300,000—an amount of itself probably quite sufficient to defray the expenses of the census of population required by the Constitution. No such inquiries were ever made before by this or any other country, and the results throw much light upon the social condition of the people, and will be of special interest to citizens of California, about to vote upon an amendment to their State Constitution restricting the holding of real estate by aliens.

Of Cities having 10,000 or more population there will be especially shown for each the altitude, area, number of wards and of dwellings, the population, total per acre and per dwelling, and the death rate per 1000 of population; the miles of paved streets, specifying the kinds of pavements, the average width of all streets, the miles lined with shade trees, and the feet of grassed places, and the average annual cost of construction and repair; the number and character of street lamps and their cost per annum; also number to each square mile of area, and the average population to each lamp; the daily capacity of private or public water-works, number and capacity of reservoirs, daily consumption of water, total and per capita, miles of mains, number of hydrants, cost of construction and maintenance of entire works, and the annual charge to consumers; the length of sewers, size of pipe, of what material constructed, and cost of construction and maintenance; number of cemeteries, their areas and interments; number and kind of public buildings, and cost of their construction and maintenance; number of halls, churches, and theatres, their seating capacity, and of the latter class the license paid; the force of the fire department, number of engines, hose-carts, horses, miles of wire, and number of boxes, number of fires during the census year, loss therefrom, and amount of insurance; number and kind of casualties; number of police, cost of their maintenance; number of annual arrests, and average death rate of the force. Also, of cities having 4000 or more population, the valuation, taxation, total and rate per capita and per $100 of valuation, receipts and expenditures, amount and character of debt; the whole presenting a very complete picture of urban achievements.

All of these statistics and others of less importance will be published with explanatory text, colored maps, and diagrams, with a comparison of like figures for 1880, as far as practicable, that the condition of the country and its inhabitants in all phases may be known and readily understood. No section, industry, race, sex, or color has been omitted; and while the reports may attract little attention to-day, in years to come they will be of priceless value. Under a carefully guarded glass case in the British Museum are a few black-lettered volumes which money cannot buy. They are the Domesday-books, containing the surveys of the estates of England, with names of the owners of each estate therein, location and principal characteristics, prepared by William the Conqueror, preparatory to the general confiscation which followed his accession to the throne. Far more valuable a thousand years hence will be the census reports now being printed, especially taken in connection with the bound volumes of original schedules on which they are based, which schedules will show the name, age, sex, occupation, parentage, nativity, and social condition of every person alive in this country on June 1, 1890.



RUFFED-GROUSE SHOOTING—A CLEAN MISS



MISS AND HIS "EYE WIPED."—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

MILITARY MANŒUVRES AND COSSACK DRILL AT FORT RILEY.

ARE we as proficient in the art of war as other leading nations of the world? This is a question that has been much written about, and while the matter of the new navy has been pretty thoroughly discussed, and the power of the modern war-ship well described, yet it seems to me that little or no information has been given the public as to what is going on in the army to keep that branch of the service in pace with the progress of the times.

It is well known that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, but what of the education and training of the enlisted soldier? That he has a school devoted entirely to his instruction, and that this establishment is one of the greatest institutions in the country, from a military stand-point, will be news to many.

On a high bluff overlooking the Kansas River, in central Kansas, is situated Fort Riley, which is now the Cavalry and Light Artillery School of the United States Army, and there it is that the arms of the service just mentioned receive that thorough and complete training necessary to fully prepare them for all the duties that may be required of them in the field. The teaching is not theoretical, for no books are studied and no classes are heard, but the actual work in the field is given the men, just as it would be given them in time of war.

Fort Riley itself is an interesting place. It is one of the oldest as well as one of the largest military stations in the West, and at present has a garrison of nearly 1000 souls. Established originally in 1853, at the suggestion of Colonel T. T. Fauntleroy, and named Camp Centre, it was used as a frontier post for many years. Its location, just below the junction of the Smoky Hill and Republican rivers, was considered one of the best in the West, and the station grew to be one of importance. In 1863 its name was changed by order of the War Department to Fort Riley, in honor of General B. C. Riley, of the United States Army.

The settlement of Kansas progressed so rapidly that in 1886 Fort Riley was found to be in the heart of a well-populated district, and the occupation of its garrison as a frontier guard was gone. The reservation surrounding the post, comprising about 26,000 acres of excellent land, excited the cupidity of the farmers of that section, and in 1886 a movement was set on foot looking toward the abandonment of Fort Riley as a military station, and the throwing open of its lands to colonization. This movement was taken up by the citizens of the State, and met with such popular favor that the post would undoubtedly have been abandoned had it not been for a valuable and timely suggestion from General Sheridan. The knowledge of the effort upon the part of the citizens of the State came to his ears, and he determined to pay the post a visit of inspection. This he did in the winter of 1886–7. He found the buildings in a very bad state, but realizing that a reservation of such size and so near to civilization was of great value to the government, he suggested that a school for the instruction of the cavalry and artillery arms of the service be established there, and that the sum of $200,000 be appropriated for the remodelling of the post, so that it might accommodate at least a regiment of cavalry and several batteries of artillery.

There was great opposition to this plan upon the part of the local authorities, but the General's suggestion prevailed, and in the early months of 1887 the present Cavalry and Artillery School was created by an act of Congress. The old post buildings were nearly all removed, and new quarters for men and residences for officers were built, until Fort Riley became a little city of more than 100 handsome stone houses, large and small, with well-laid-out roads and streets, a spacious riding-hall, commodious stables, and everything necessary for the complete equipment of an institution such as it was destined to become.

When I arrived at Fort Riley a few weeks ago, Colonel James W. Forsyth was in command of both the post and the school. He has since been promoted to Brigadier-generalship and placed in command of the Department of California, with headquarters at San Francisco, and Lieutenant-Colonel L. H. Carpenter has succeeded him in command of both temporarily. First Lieutenant J. F. Bell, Adjutant of the Seventh Cavalry, is secretary of the school. The force at Fort Riley comprises two squadrons of cavalry of four troops each from the Second and Seventh regiments. There are two batteries of light artillery from the Second and one from the Fourth. The school is divided into two sub-schools. The cavalry sub-school is under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Carpenter, whilst Lieutenant Bell, in addition to his other duties, serves also as its Adjutant. Major W. A. Rafferty, of the Second Cavalry, is in charge of one squadron of cavalry, and Major T. A. Baldwin, of the Seventh, commands the other. The artillery sub-school is under the direction of Major Wallace P. Randolph, Third Artillery, and First Lieutenant Eli D. Hoyle, of the Second Artillery, is its Adjutant.

The manœuvres usually begin about October 1st, and continue until the end of the year.

The campaign is laid out with all the care and accuracy that would be used in time of war. For purposes of argument, a force of Federal troops is supposed to be encamped somewhere on the banks of the Republican River; the garrison at Fort Riley represents an advance-brigade thrown out for purposes of observation. An imaginary army, an invading force, is supposed to be in camp in the direction of Manhattan, distant sixteen miles, and from this force an advance-brigade has been sent out to a point within six or eight miles of Fort Riley. Troops of cavalry and batteries of artillery, sent out from the post early in the morning in brown uniforms, represent the advance-brigade of the enemy, and at a given hour the troops leave the post to take part in manœuvres against this force of "Browns." It is known that the "Browns" were at a certain point at a certain hour, but there is no information as to their whereabouts after the Federal troops leave the garrison. The country is hilly, rough, full of ravines and bunches of scrubby trees, and the opposing forces must rely upon themselves for all things after the hour arrives for the manœuvre to begin. There is nothing haphazard about this work. The officers of the "Blues" are instructed to take a position at a certain point, there to proceed against the "Browns" in a certain manner—after they discover them. Sometimes the "Blues" are the stronger force numerically, and sometimes the "Browns," and all sorts of possible conditions of war are laid down in the orders, to be overcome by the officers and their commands in the field. In the first of the manœuvres the "Blues" were presumed to act as an advance-guard for the main body in the rear. They were supported by artillery, and were to resist the advance of the enemy in force, coming from the direction of Manhattan. In this manœuvre the forces taking part were put through exactly what they would have had to do had the conditions been real and not imaginary.

In some of the field work the enemy is outlined by flags carried by mounted cavalrymen at intervals of fifty yards apart, and each flag represents a troop of cavalry. The entire force of two squadrons of cavalry and three batteries of artillery at the post comprise the defending force. One day I saw a manœuvre of this kind. The banners of the "enemy," under command of Lieutenant Bell, appeared on the coaming of a ridge a mile and a quarter to the north of the position of the troops on the morning in question. Captain Taylor's battery opened upon them with shrapnel, and the flags disappeared instanter. Then there was a period of guessing. The country is so rough that there is cover on every hand wherein a brigade might be secreted, and it was on this account that the "Blues" were eventually taken by surprise and utterly routed. Suddenly, away off to the left of the line, appeared a white flag with a red centre. It represented a troop of cavalry. Instantly there appeared another, and the long-range guns of the batteries were turned upon them. But before a shot could be fired they had disappeared into a ravine, and the gunners lost their range. But the officers of the "Blues" well knew that a flank movement was being attempted in that direction, and prepared for it. But while they watched for the reappearance of the flags they forgot to watch the other flank, and before they knew what the trouble was four of those red-spotted flags were within a hundred yards of them. Their batteries were not in position, and before they could bring them into action the umpires had declared against them. Half the army of the "Blues" had fallen, and still there was a concealed force somewhere within a mile, and four troops of cavalry were approaching from an unknown quarter. The troops upon the hill were changing position at a lively rate. Batteries of artillery came thundering along at breakneck speed, and everything seemed in confusion. But there was no confusion there, for every officer knew what to do, and he was doing it. The two flags had been seen, and an effort was being made to score against them. The batteries opened fire, and at the first crash of the guns the flags disappeared into another ravine. I sat upon my horse taking in the sight, for it was as active as real war almost, when round the bend of a little two-topped hill came flags representing two troops of cavalry. Not an officer of the "Blues" had seen them, and Major Randolph, with whom I was talking, had not noticed their approach. I called his attention to them at the same instant that the officers on the hill discovered them. Almost before I could see what was happening, three troops of cavalry charged down the hill at the flags, and made straight for us. The Major looked at them an instant, and wheeling his horse, struck the spurs into his sides, and yelled "Git!" We escaped being caught between two advancing lines of "Blues" riding at a charge, and down hill at that, but it was a very close call. Spectators who venture upon the field must take their own chances, and if they are charged and run down they have no recourse. The two troops represented by flags reappeared from the ravine just at this juncture, and catching the "Blues" between two fires, were accorded a complete victory. The following day but one the manœuvre was repeated with an actual force of men on each side, and was even a grander sight. Direct instruction is afforded the men in these manœuvres, and every movement of troops is understood, for if a charge, for instance, is made, and the umpires determine that it was ill-advised, the troop making the charge is informed of the details which combined to make the charge ineffective if not disastrous. The criticism of the umpires is not harsh, and is never personal, but is given with a view to correcting errors and perfecting every troop movement until a standard of perfection, or very near it, is achieved.

After each manœuvre each of the field-officers who took part in it submits a report of his observations while on the spot. He criticises his own and his brother officers' acts, if there be ground for criticism, and when a manœuvre is ordered repeated, the errors that were criticised are sure not to occur again.

It is a beautiful sight to see the swarms of soldiers spreading out over the rolling hills, deploying skirmishers here and there, watching every possible point in the game of mimic war, and at the culmination the last assault is as spirited and lively as the most exacting sight-seer could wish. But a mere sham battle is never permitted. The simple wasting of powder just for the sake of noise and show is not to be thought of; but when a battle does occur, as they do almost daily, they are fought with the most careful regard for all military requirements and regulations.

Captain E. J. McClernand, of the Second Cavalry, has been kind enough to show me the original order calling for one day's manœuvres.

HEADQUARTERS BLUE BRIGADE,
FORT RILEY, KANSAS, *Nov.* 9, 1894.

Orders No. —

The enemy is reported advancing again. The brigade will proceed to meet them at once. Two troops of the Seventh and two of the Second Cavalry and one light battery of artillery, under the command of Major T. H. Baldwin, Seventh Cavalry, are hereby detailed as an advance-guard, and will, at nine o'clock, proceed on the road to White's Ranch *via* Pawnee Flat. In case detachments of the enemy are met, energetic measures will be taken to force them back as far as possible. A medical officer with a detachment of the Hospital Corps will be detailed to accompany this command, and Lieutenant Reber, Signal Officer, with a detachment of the Signal Corps, will report to Major Baldwin for duty.

By order of Colonel Forsyth.

(Signed) J. F. BELL,
1st Lieut. and Adjutant 7th Cav'y,
Acting Assistant Adjutant.

"The Brown Brigade," said Captain McClernand, "was also furnished with similar orders, intimating that on their march, which would be from White's Ranch on the road toward the post, detachments of the Blues might be met, in which event the best disposition possible of their forces was to be made to retard the advance of the Blues. Each of the commanders must act upon the information as to force, location, and progress of his enemy, as afforded by his own advance-guard and scouts, and must formulate his plan of action to fit these circumstances. Mistakes are bound to be noticed and commented upon, for it is well known by all that not only the officers but the enlisted men will fight the battle over again when they return to their quarters at the post. These exercises teach the men the all-important duty of the advance-guard, and in addition encourage the officers to be prompt in reaching decisions in the field, as well as to be careful that the decision is always a wise one."

COSSACK-RIDING IN THE ARMY.

If the men from the Seventh Cavalry, constituting I Troop, under command of Captain E. A. Garlington, could ride into the Horse Show at Madison Square Garden and exhibit their skill as horsemen for half an hour, the Park police would turn green with envy. As a body, the men of this troop are, with possibly one exception (and that has never been determined by competitive test), the best military horsemen in the world. They do simply everything that can be done on a horse's back, and a great many things that have heretofore been considered impossible. The high state of perfection to which Captain Garlington has brought his troop in the matter of individual horsemanship is the talk of army circles, and to see these men going through their various evolutions is to see the best circus-riding in the world. And it is not only an individual here and there who does this marvellous work, but the entire troop, excepting only a few men who have been assigned to it within the past few months. To see an entire troop of United States cavalry leaping a fence standing up in their saddles is a sight not to be seen every day. To see the same men riding at a charge standing up, with their saddles perfectly loose and the girths flying, is almost beyond belief. But when they stand on their heads and ride, vault over two and three horses, leap upon the backs of their horses whilst they are themselves leaping fences or hurdles, and do a number of equally difficult things, it is not unfair to the other troops in the service to say that these men as horsemen are without equals.

The horses are almost as well trained as their riders, for they obey the commands of their masters as intelligently and as promptly as if they fully understood the orders, and could understand the Captain's words. The entire troop can put their horses down, at word of command, without a rider dismounting, and will be up and off like a flash if they are so ordered, whenever and wherever they chance to be. Their horses, originally sent to the post with a consignment of ordinary cavalry stock, have been so thoroughly trained that they are well-gaited, quick-acting, superior animals. They will take any sort of a jump the Captain's fine horse will essay, and never evince a desire to lag behind when a charge is sounded, no matter how rough or thick the country may be.

"I introduced the Cossack drill into my troop," said Captain Garlington, "about two years ago, and have drilled it during two winters only. We have a regular schedule of duty at the post, and the men have to live up to the rules laid down, so you see we do not have a chance to practise throughout all the year. I am well pleased with the success that has attended the efforts of the men, and believe they are as good riders as can be found in the United States cavalry anywhere. The horses are all trained to lie down at the word of command, and this, I think, is one of the most valuable features in the drill. In ordinary tall grass, short bushes, or sparse underbrush, where a mounted horseman might be seen for miles, I can conceal my entire troop in an instant, and a man riding past at a distance of a hundred yards wouldn't even suspect that a soldier was within miles of him.

"The Cossack drill is not enforced upon the men at all. They may learn it or not, as they please. I never command one of my men to do anything that he doesn't want to do, but I rarely ask a man to do that which he isn't more than willing to try. They all know that these exercises tend to make them perfect horsemen, and a perfect horseman is a far better cavalryman than a poor one. Then, again, the drill affords diversion and variety for the men. Routine life at best is drudgery, and any sort of improving amusement is welcomed by officers and men. Such feats as you have seen my men perform have not been acquired in a day, for they are all more or less difficult, and some of them dangerous. They interest the men in their horses, and there comes a strain of personal pride in each soldier to have the best-trained horse. The man and the horse learn the feats together, and the soldier takes a degree of delight in knowing that in this sort of hand-to-hand instruction he is accomplishing something every day toward the perfection of his horse's education."

The drill-ground at Fort Riley lies to the south of the Union Pacific tracks, and is about a mile and a half in width. Its length is practically limitless. On one part of the ground, near sparse cover and underbrush, Captain Garlington has selected a drill-ground of his own for I Troop. Hurdles about the height of an ordinary country fence have been erected, ditches dug, and obstructions of various sorts, as large as horses can well be expected to pass over, have been placed, and it is here that the Cossack drill is seen to perfection.

The first plate I made of the troop showed the horses lying down in light grass just behind some low bushes. At a distance of fifty yards from where they were they could not have been discerned at all, but a horseman sitting in the saddle could be seen for miles. This well illustrates the force of Captain Garlington's statement as to the value of this feature, which has been brought to such perfection in his troop. If an enemy of almost equal size had passed within a hundred yards of that concealed force every man could have picked his mark, and the enemy would have been wiped out before one of them knew where the fire was coming from.

In riding Cossack, as the soldiers call it, the stirrups are thrown across the saddle, so that they hang upon the opposite sides. The straps are of such a length that the boot of the stirrup is just a trifle below the tree of the saddle. The rider places his feet in the stirrups, rises to an upright position, gives his horse the word, and off he goes like an arrow. It makes no difference what may be in the way—fences, hurdles, ditches—everything goes with Troop I men, and they are standing up there all right when the end of the run is reached and the command to halt is given. One of the illustrations shows a detachment going over the hurdle standing up, and another the troop charging a brush fence with raised sabres and going over it at top speed.

Some of the men next formed a line off to the right of the large hurdle, and started at a gallop, riding parallel to it. They grasped the horses' manes with one hand and the saddle-blanket with the other, and charged past the camera standing on their heads. Corporal Edward E. Lear came first, and was photographed in the position shown. The men will ride in this position as long as an ordinary performer can stand on his head, and seem to have perfect control of themselves, if not of their horses, while they do it. Of course this feat is not applicable to military uses, further than the tendency it has to make a cavalryman a perfect horseman—the great thing to be desired, Captain Garlington says.

I caught two photographs of Private Champagne turning a somersault off his horse. The first picture shows the start of the leap, and the second the turn in mid-air. If two or three horses had been placed under him he would have cleared them all. He is one of the athletes of the troop, and is one of the most proficient horseman in it.

Corporal Christ Behr is his equal, however, and turns somersaults from the hard ground over three or four horses. It was a bitter cold day when I saw the troop perform these feats, and only one horse was used for Behr's work. He is shown with heels up and head down, clear of the horse, making the turn which landed him safely upon his feet. A week later I saw him clear three horses in the same manner.

A running leap over a full-sized horse is no easy task, and it is accomplished by very few professional performers. Private Davis can do it easily, however, and was photographed just as he was at the height of his leap. His position is an unusual one, and shows the queer attitudes an athlete will assume in the course of his work.

Five of the men next loosened the girths of their saddles and mounted their horses for a charge. They simply leaped upon their backs, as easily as circus performers do from a stepping-box, and they were ready. I expected to see them sit astride the horses, but instead of that they stood up and rode "Cossack," with flying girths and perfectly loose saddles. They had absolutely nothing to balance themselves with except the bridle reins, and these, upon a running horse, afford little or no support. The camera caught Corporal Sawyer as he passed. He is seen riding as easily as most horsemen do on their morning trot through the Park.

Corporal Behr next showed a fancy mount. His horse was stripped of its trappings, and held by a comrade. Behr took a short run, placed his hands upon the horse's croup, sprang into the air, turned a perfect somersault, and landed astride the animal's back in perfect position ready to ride. It was one of the prettiest movements shown during the morning.

The method of carrying wounded from the field Cossack fashion was next illustrated. The injured man was placed upon a horse, and a rider sprung up behind him, taking the body of the supposedly unconscious man across his saddle. He wheeled his horse and darted off to the rear, completing his work in a few seconds after the start. If a man is dismounted through accident on the field, he is not to be left without a horse. These men are trained to make a flying mount between two of their comrades, riding standing, after the fashion of circus riders in the circus, except that these soldiers perform the feat with cavalry boots instead of buskins.

Two of the men pick up a wounded companion from the ground without slackening their pace, and carry him to the rear to a place of safety. They lift the man by his arms, and carry him between them as easily as they would a bag of meal.

Captain Dodd's troop, of the Third Cavalry, now stationed in Vermont, are the only competitors of these skilled riders. As the troops have never met in competition, no one knows which is the better in the Cossack drill; but it is safe to assume that there are nowhere else on earth as expert military horsemen as are to be found in these troops.

EFFECTIVE FIELD ARTILLERY.

In the Artillery Sub-School at Fort Riley are three light batteries under the command of Major W. F. Randolph, of the Third Artillery. These guns are modern rifled cannon, of 3.02-inch bore, and during the target practice this fall have developed such remarkable accuracy and such wonderful range that the work has set all army officers thinking.

The pieces are light, strong, compactly built, of neat appearance, and from a distance looking anything but dangerous. But at a distance of 4100 yards it has been shown that a battery of four guns can, in the short space of six minutes, destroy a complete squadron of cavalry or infantry.

"During the target practice," said Major Randolph, "both last year and this, we have so perfected the operation of these guns that a force of cavalry, concealed or in view, would have little or no chance for life once we got the range of their position. In one of our target tests three targets of canvas were set up behind the crest of a hill over 4000 yards away. The targets were about fifty yards apart, in échelon, and were not visible from our batteries. The distance between he targets represented about the space that would be occupied by a force of cavalry such as I have suggested. Twelve hrapnel were fired, and then a visit of inspection was paid o the targets. There were 337 bullet-holes in them, and ne shell had gone through a target without exploding. The ange at the outset was unknown, and we had to find it, so, s a matter of course, many of the first shells fired took no ffect. In another test at known distance, about 4100 yards, he shells were so accurately exploded that 2265 holes were found in the targets. What show on earth would a detachment of cavalry have had there?

"This year we used canvas targets representing soldiers n the act of firing. We had fifty of them, and they were laced in a ravine in just such a place as would be sought ut by soldiers looking for cover. Twelve shrapnel were red in six minutes, and when we examined the targets we ound every man had been hit from once to a dozen times, cept two men, who had escaped unharmed.

"The guns are made by the United States government, d are as nearly perfect field-pieces as can well be imagined. hey are easy to transport, will stand the roughest of usage, e light and powerful. We have three batteries here, two om the Second and one from the Fourth. Captain W. P. ose is in command of Battery F, and Captain George S. imes, of Battery A, of the Second. Captain S. W. Taylor, the Fourth, is in command of Battery F of that regi- nt."

The field manœuvres will continue for some days, after hich Fort Riley will take on its winter garb, and the in- or duty of the men in the spacious riding-hall will con- ue through the winter.

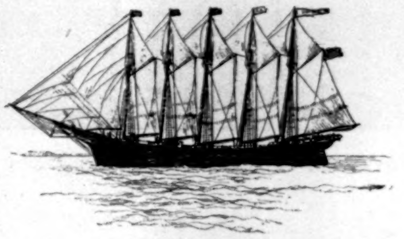
W. J. Rouse.

A VISIT TO PITCAIRN ISLAND.

When Captain Cornelius A. Davis, of the five-masted hooner *Governor Ames*—the only schooner of her class in world, as well as the largest fore-and-aft vessel in exist- ce—dropped anchor off Pitcairn Island, four thousand les south of San Francisco, a few months ago, he was prised to find himself greeted by name by a delegation islanders who came on board. The inhabitants of the storic little island are accustomed to keep a sharp outlook all passing vessels, and as soon as one is sighted in the fing a boat pushes out to her, carrying friendly greetings d the offer of any assistance that may be needed. From ch captain news of the ships he has left behind in the last rt is obtained, together with the probable date of their iling; so that in a majority of instances when a vessel ches Pitcairn she is recognized immediately, and the pper discovers that he does not need any introduction to new-found island friends—for such they very soon prove mselves to be. He is invited to land and partake of the t the island affords, and the impression he carries away th him is uniformly a pleasant one. Captain Davis says t he would have been glad to stay at the island two or ree days if there had been any good excuse for doing so, but after he had secured some fresh fruit for the crew he felt compelled to resume his voyage. Puget Sound had been left behind thirty-five days earlier, and Liverpool was still one hundred and twenty-nine days away.

There is no more picturesque incident, perhaps, in the annals of marine venture than the mutiny on board the British ship *Bounty* in 1789, and the subsequent landing of several of the mutineers on Pitcairn Island, a speck of land which had been discovered some years before by Carteret, and named for the midshipman who first descried it from the mast-head. These mutineers, fearing punishment, resolved to hide themselves from the world, and accordingly sought out this lonely spot, and together with a number of Polynesian men and women founded a new community far from the ordinary track of commerce. At first, according to the scant historical accounts which have come down to us, there was riot and revelling on the island, but gradually the rougher element in the population disappeared, and when the American vessel *Topaze* rediscovered the little settlement in 1808 it seems to have been orderly and prosperous. For more than half a generation the whereabouts of the mutineers of the *Bounty* had been a mystery, and their rediscovery at this time aroused a good deal of interest, especially in England. It was as if the sea had given up its dead. Everything pertaining to the little strip of land in the far Pacific was hailed with interest, and in the eighty-six years since then many books and papers descriptive of it and its people have been written. In a few weeks another volume is to be published in California by the Seventh-day Adventists, who have recently succeeded in converting the islanders to their faith. Formerly they were associated with the Church of England.

The community to-day is a model one in many respects. Since the time of the hardy mutineers a great change has taken place, and it is said that nobody on the island ever indulges in intoxicants, tobacco, or profanity. A rude church and school-house—the structure shown in two of the illustrations accompanying this article—has been erected, and one of the descendants of the early settlers preaches regularly to all the members of the settlement, for church-going is regarded as a matter of course on Pitcairn: and, moreover, there are not very many other divertisements. When it is remembered that there are only about one hundred and thirty people on the entire island, and that the island is scarcely three miles in length, it is easy to understand the lack of excitement which sometimes characterizes life there. And yet a spirit of intense loyalty pervades the community. Nobody has any desire to remove permanently to any other place, and those who visit the United States and Great Britain do so merely to prepare themselves for more useful labor at home. The other day young Henry Christian, a descendant of the leader of the mutiny on board the *Bounty*, arrived in San Francisco, whither he had come for the purpose of pursuing a course of study at an American school, but there can be no doubt that he will return in due time to Pitcairn. With him came also the President of the island, James R. McCoy; for the islanders elect an officer with this title, although they are under the nominal rule of England. Queen Victoria sent them two life-boats some years ago, and these are used constantly in boarding the vessels that anchor off shore. A British flag, too, flies from one of the peaks of the island, the flag-staff being planted in the muzzle of one of the old cannon with which the *Bounty* was equipped.



THE "GOVERNOR AMES."

Captain Davis is an expert amateur photographer, and he succeeded, during his few hours' stay on the island, in getting some admirable views of the people and their surroundings. One of these views shows most of the adult inhabitants grouped around Miss André, a young woman from Ohio, who assists the native minister in his religious work, and instructs the men and women of the community in the ordinary branches of education. Captain Davis listened to a well-recited lesson in geography the day he was there, and he says that these grown-up students seemed intelligent and eager to learn. Their faces are strong and impressive, and while there is a considerable trace of "Kanaka" blood in most of the countenances, others are thoroughly Caucasian. The mixture of totally dissimilar races has in this instance, at least, resulted in a sturdy, resourceful, and self-reliant stock.

The primary school is taught by Miss Rosa Young, a native of Pitcairn, and the author of the book descriptive of the island which is about to be published. She is the island editor as well as school-teacher, writing a chronicle of the community from time to time, which passes from one to another of the people. There is no printing-press on the island, and this is the only contemporary record of its doings enjoyed by the settlement. But then, with only one hundred and thirty people to keep track of, doubtless everybody who is so inclined contrives to be pretty well posted. On two different occasions Pitcairn has been deserted by its inhabitants, for one reason or another, and the present inhabitants are descended mostly from two families who returned to the island as late as 1858. In 1830 the eighty-seven people then resident there removed to Tahiti through fear of drought, and though the moral laxity of the latter place so disturbed them that they went back to Pitcairn the next year, in 1856 they undertook a second pilgrimage, this time to Norfolk Island, where many of them or their descendants live to-day. William and Moses Young, together with their families, however, appear to have pined for Pitcairn, and accordingly journeyed back there again.

The landing-place shown in one of the pictures on another page is at Bounty Bay, where the original settlers of the island destroyed their vessel more than a hundred years ago, and where, as the illustration shows, many of the inhabitants gathered to bid Captain Davis good-by. Up from this spot runs a path to the settlement itself, which is three or four hundred feet above the level of the sea. The main street is bordered with palm-trees, and the thatched cottages on either side give evidence of thrift and prosperity. There are no cows or oxen on the island, but goats are plentiful, and as the land is steep and rocky in places, these sure-footed animals are doubtless better adapted to the needs of the people. Oranges grow in abundance, and so do sweet-potatoes, yams, bananas, and pineapples. Captain Davis says that the dinner provided in his honor at the house of the Advent missionary was bountiful and excellent.

In these days of hurry and bustle it is refreshing to catch a glimpse of an Arcadian community like this, whose little world is far removed from all our modern tendencies in civilization. There are no telephones or telegraphs on Pitcairn Island; no oceanic cable brings from the distant mainland the tidings of war or catastrophe on the other side of the globe. Scarcely any of the inhabitants ever saw a railway train or an electric light, and probably not even one of them has ever been inside of a theatre. The papers and magazines that they read are weeks old by the time they reach Pitcairn, and much that they contain must be as unintelligible as Greek to the islanders. What do they know of college football games; or how much can they comprehend of the excitement of a Presidential election? They are a people apart, and their horizon is bounded by limitless sea and sky.

Henry Robinson Palmer.

MINING, WITHOUT THE ROMANCE.

There is such a halo of romance surrounding mines and miners that it is difficult to get people to look at questions concerning this great industry in an unimpassioned light. Writers have told us so much about the men who have made fortunes, and so little about those who have lost fortunes, that the unthinking masses believe that the former are in the majority. But they are sadly mistaken. For every dollar's worth of gold produced it is estimated that $2 75 is spent in mining and prospecting; and in silver the comparison is even more alarming.

When we are told that Colorado alone in 1893 produced gold to the value of $8,293,031, and of silver $19,484,657 worth, we can begin to realize the vast sums of money that have been misspent and the energy misdirected. Inasmuch as more than sixty per cent. of the money spent in mining is practically thrown away, it follows that considerable more than twice the amount of the above sums was expended in these industries in Colorado during the past year, showing a loss of millions rather than a gain to the country.

The question arises, where does this money come from if the mines do not support the men who work them? It is a question that can best be answered by asking every man you meet in Colorado, "Are you interested in mining?" At the Denver real-estate exchange a few weeks ago I heard the chairman ask every one present who was directly interested in mining to stand up. Only one man remained seated, and he said he had only recently disposed of his mining properties. It is the same all over the State, and probably all over the silver and gold producing States. Ninety-nine of every hundred men are, or have been, financially interested in mining. Necessarily the majority of them have lost money, and during the crisis of 1893 hundreds, yes thousands, of them suffered privations as a direct result.

I have made it a point for several months, when a man complained to me of the hard times, to ask him how much money he had lost in mining during the past few years. The answer I expected rarely failed to come.

While in Pueblo a few weeks ago a man who complained of hard times told me that within two years he had spent $2600 prospecting at Creede, and had not a cent to show for it. This man is now working on a small salary, after having lost all his savings in a hopeless attempt to become rich. I know one gentleman in Boulder who has spent $200,000 in the same way. He is an Englishman from a well-known family of the nobility. In Denver I met bank clerks, newspaper men, and others living on salaries, who make it their business to spend a certain amount of their incomes in "grub stakes" annually. That is, they furnish the expense money for some one to go through the hills prospecting, and receive one-third of the returns—if there happen to be any. At Central City, where I spent a few days last spring, everybody is interested in mining, even to the boy who blacked my boots in the hotel. He told me he held some stock in a certain company, or his mother did for him, which was sure to make him rich some day.

The above instances, which could be followed by scores of others, are only mentioned to show that nearly everybody in Colorado is directly interested in mining. From the janitor to the president of the bank, the laboring-man, farmer, mechanic, and capitalist, all seem to have the same desire in their work, to get enough money ahead to try their luck in the mines. This shows where much of the money with which the mines are operated comes from; but vast sums come from the East annually. And the Easterner has a still smaller chance of winning than the Western man has. The former usually buys stock in some wild-cat company with a name so similar to one owning a producer that he can't tell the difference. Eastern people are just as quick to bite on an advertised chance to get rich in a few weeks as Westerners, the only difference being that in mining the Easterner gets bitten oftener.

The logical conclusion is that Colorado and the other mining States are a vast Monte Carlo, where everybody believes that luck will come his way. But the odds are in favor of the house, and old Mother Earth is the house that swallows up all the profits and considerably more.

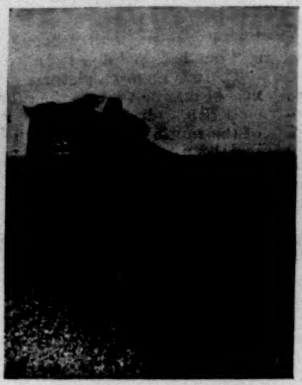
Only the losses of actual capital have been mentioned; but there is a much greater loss in the vast amount of labor that should be directed into the proper channels. After the years of toil and hardships and privations, the average miner dies (though romance never tells us of it) and leaves nothing to show for his life's work. There is not only nothing for his family, if he had one, but there is no account that he can give when summoned before the bar of Heaven to show that his life was not an absolute failure.

I know one man, now a miner at Sunset, Colorado, who ran away from home when he was fifteen years old. He travelled nearly everywhere, and finally came to Colorado, where he has spent more than thirty years trying to get rich in a day. And now, at the age of more than sixty years, he is still a plodding laborer, hoping that in a few days, a few months, or, at most, a few years, he may become suddenly wealthy. His is certainly a misspent life, and he is only one of thousands. The stories of fortunes made in gold-mining have drawn thousands of young men and boys from useful avocations into this mad struggle for wealth. Not only men born to toil, but college-bred men, men of refinement and culture, give up all else, and rush to some new mining camp and work with pick and shovel to find the hidden treasure.

Frank A. Parker, Boulder, Colorado.

RIDING STANDING WITH FLYING GIRTH.

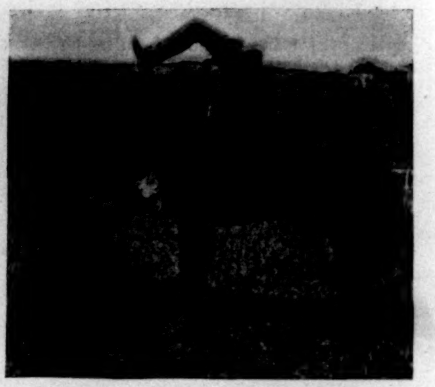
LEAPING FROM GROUND AND LANDING ASTRIDE, FACE TO REAR.

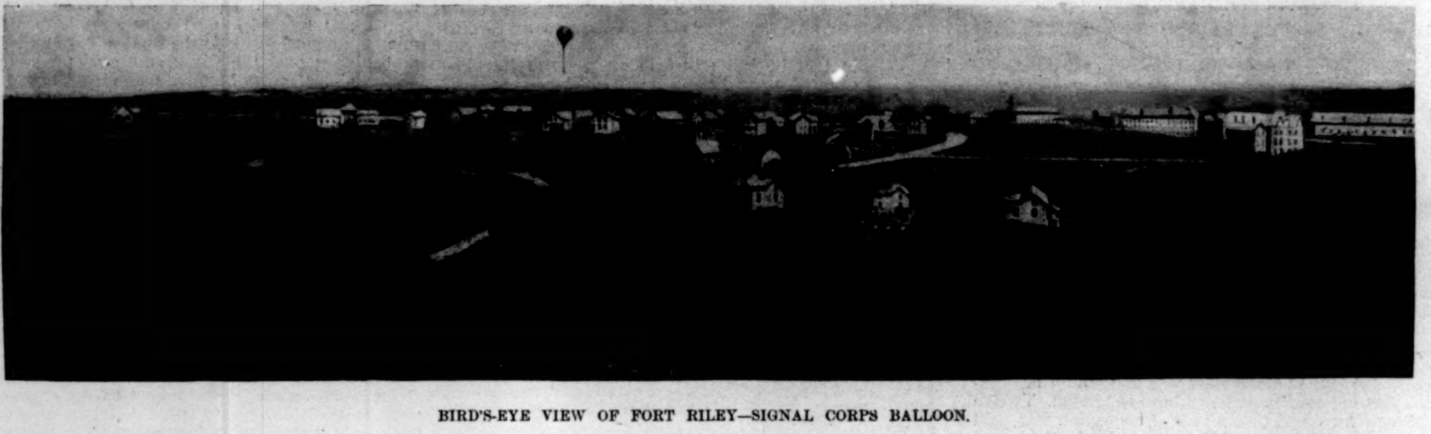

LEAPING HURDLE AND VAULTING TO HORSE AT SAME TIME.

TURNING SOMERSAULT FROM HORSE.

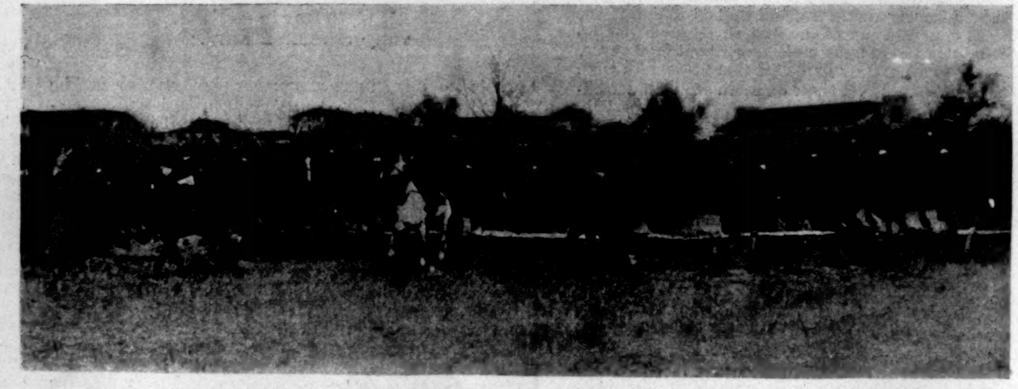
LEAPING OVER HORSE FROM GROUND.

TURNING SOMERSAULT OVER HORSE.


TURNING SOMERSAULT FROM GROUND AND LANDING ASTRIDE HORSE.

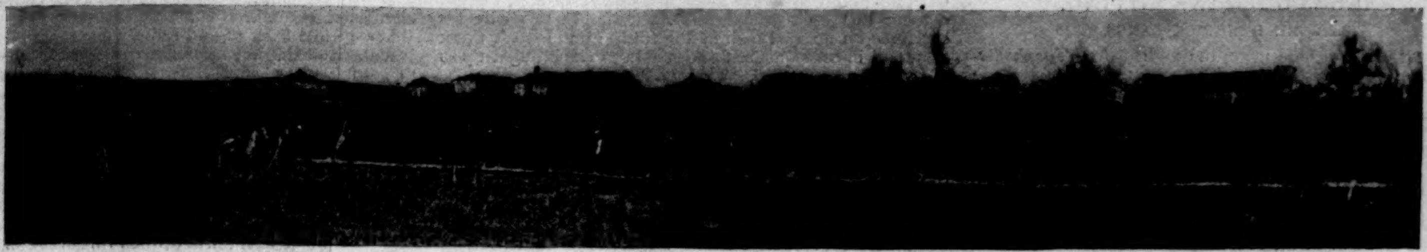

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FORT RILEY—SIGNAL CORPS BALLOON.

CAPT. E. A. GARLINGTON—TROOP I, 7TH CAVALRY.

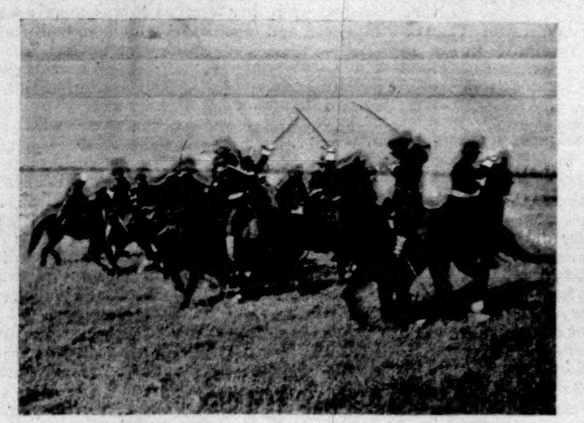

COSSACK DRILL—TROOP I, 7TH CAVALRY, LEAPING HURDLE.

COSSACK DRILL—A CONCEALED PATROL OF CAVALRY HORSES LYING DOWN.

THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES AND COSSACK DRILL AT FORT RILEY, KANSAS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. J. ROUSE.—[SEE PAGE 1166.]



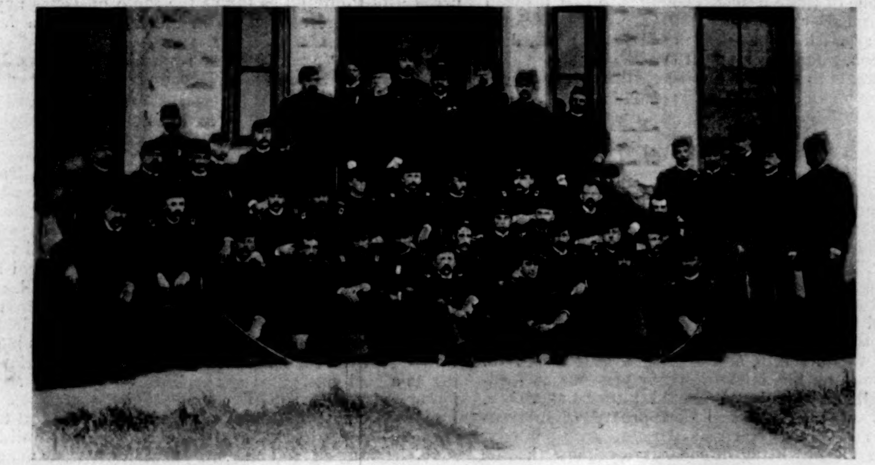
COSSACK DRILL—TROOP I, 7TH CAVALRY, STANDING IN SADDLES AND TAKING HURDLES.



TROOP D, 2D CAVALRY, IN FENCING DRILL.

TROOP A, 7TH CAVALRY—THE ASSAULT.

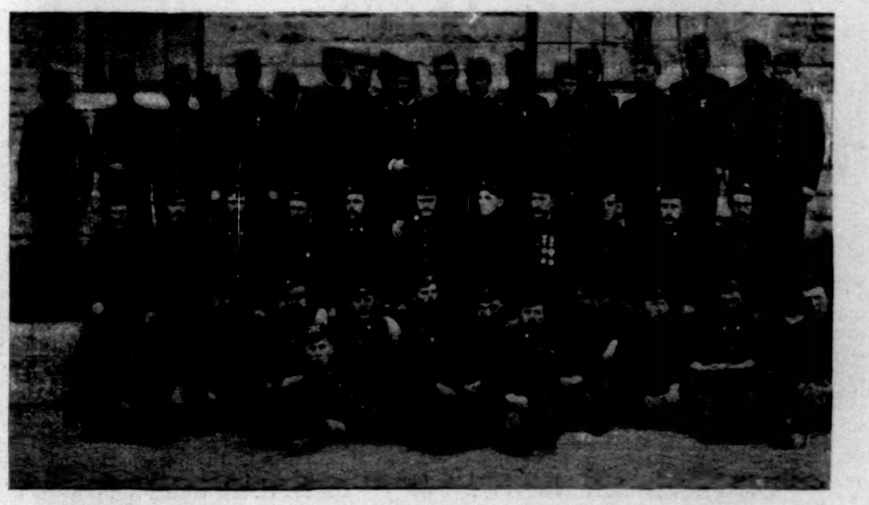
7TH CAVALRY SQUADRON—TROOPS A, E, H, AND I.



GENERAL FORSYTH, STAFF, AND OFFICERS AT FORT RILEY.

TROOP I, 7TH CAVALRY—A CHARGE OVER THE HURDLES.

COSSACK DRILL—LEAPING HURDLE STANDING IN SADDLES.



TROOP I, 7TH CAVALRY, CAPTAIN E. A. GARLINGTON.

THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES AND COSSACK DRILL AT FORT RILEY, KANSAS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. J. ROUSE.—[SEE PAGE 1166.]

JARLEY'S THANKSGIVING.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

JARLEY was in a blue mood the night before Thanksgiving. Things hadn't gone quite to suit him during the year. He had lost two of his most profitable clients—men upon whom for two years previously he had been able to count for a steady income. It is true that he had lost them by winning their respective suits, and had made two strong friends by so doing; but, as he once put it to Mrs. Jarley, the worst position a man could possibly get himself into was that of one who is long on friends and short on income. He did not underestimate the value of friends, but he didn't want too many of them; because beyond a certain number they became luxuries rather than necessities, and his financial condition was such that he could not afford luxuries.

"I love them all," he said, "but I haven't money enough to entertain a quarter of them. The last time Billie Hicks was up here he smoked sixteen Invincible cigars. Now, I am very fond of Billie Hicks, but with cigars at twenty cents apiece I can't afford him more than one Sunday in a year. He's getting a little cold because I haven't asked him up since."

"Why don't you buy cheaper cigars? At our grocery store they have some very nice looking ones at two for five cents," suggested Mrs. Jarley.

"I don't wish to have to move out of the house," said Jarley.

Mrs. Jarley failed to see the connection.

"Very likely you don't," said Jarley; "but if I smoked one of your two-and-a-half-cent grocery cigars in this house, you'd see the point in a minute. If you will get me a yard of cotton cloth, and let me put it in the furnace fire, you'll get a fair idea of the kind of atmosphere we'd be breathing if I allowed a cigar like that to be lit within fifty feet of the front door."

"But you can get a good cigar for ten cents, can't you?" Mrs. Jarley asked.

"Yes—very good," assented Jarley; "but Billie would probably smoke thirty-two of those, and carry three or four away with him in his pockets. I'd lose even more that way. It's a singular thing about friends. They have some conscience about Invincible cigars, but they'll take others by the handful."

Jarley was also somewhat blue upon this occasion because none of his inventions—the little things he thought out in his leisure moments, and out of some of which he had hoped to gain a deal of profit—had been successful. The public had refused to place any confidence whatsoever in his patent reversible spats, which, when turned inside out, could be made useful as galoches; and the beaux of New York actually rejected with scorn the celluloid chrysanthemum, which he had hoped would become a popular boutonnière because of its durability and cheapness. An impecunious young man with care could make one fifteen-cent chrysanthemum of the Jarley order last through a whole season, and it could be colored to suit the wearer's taste with the ordinary paint-boxes that children so delight in; but in spite of this the celluloid chrysanthemum was a distinct failure, and Jarley had had his trouble for his pains, to say nothing of the cost of the model. But worst of all the failures, because of the prospective losses its failure entailed, was the Jarley safety lightning razor. Its failure was not due to any lack of merit, for it certainly possessed much that was ingenious and commendable. The affair was not different in principle from a lawn-mower. Six little sharp blades set on a cylinder would revolve rapidly as the pretty machine was pushed up and down the cheek of the person shaving, and leave the face of that person as smooth as a piece of velvet; but in announcing it to the world its inventor had made the unfortunate statement that a child could use it with impunity, and some would-be smart person on a comic paper took it up and wrote an undeniably clever article on the futility of inventing a razor for children. The consequence was that the safety razor was laughed out of existence and the additions to his residence which Jarley was going to pay for out of the proceeds had to be abandoned.

"I don't like a blue funk," he said, "and generally I can find something to be thankful for at this season; but I'm blest if this year, beyond the fact that we're all alive, I can see any cause for celebrating my thankfulness. I haven't enough of it to last ten minutes, much less a day, what with the positive failure of my inventions, the loss of income from what I once considered safe investments that have gone to the wall, and the reduction of my professional earnings, not to mention the fact that almost at the beginning of my professional year I am as tired physically and mentally as I ought to be at the finish."

"Oh, well, say you are thankful, anyhow," suggested Mrs. Jarley. "You will convince others that you are, and maybe, if you say it often enough, you will convince yourself of the fact."

"Thanks," said Jarley. "It's possibly a good suggestion, but I don't believe in pretending to be what I'm not. It might convince me that I am thankful for something, but I don't want to be convinced when I know I'm not."

Which shows, I think, how very blue Jarley was.

"There's one thing," he added, with a sigh of relief at the thought—"I'll have a day of rest to-morrow anyhow. I've bought Jack a football, and he can take it out on the tennis-court and play with it all day, with intervals for meals."

"Why did you do that?" asked Mrs. Jarley, with a gesture not so much of indignation as of disapproval. "I think football is such a brutal game; and if Jack has a football at his present age, when he's in college he'll want to play. I don't want to have my boy wearing his hair like a Comanche Indian, and coming home with broken ribs and dislocated limbs."

"We'll let the broken ribs of 1904 and the wig of the same period suffice for the evils of that year," retorted Jarley. "It's the present I'm looking after, not the future ten or twelve years removed. If Jack hasn't that football to-morrow he'll have me, and I've no desire in the present condition of my physical well-being to be used by him as a plaything. Deprived of the leathern ball, he might use me as a football instead, and I must rest. That's all there is about it. Besides, if he becomes an aspirant for football honors now it will be a good thing for him. He'll take care of himself and try to improve his physique if he once gets the notion in his head that he wants to go on a university eleven. I want my boy to learn to be a man, and the football ambition is likely to be a very useful aid in that direction. He knits reins very well with a spool and a pin now, and I think it's time he graduated in that art, unless the woman of the future, of whom we hear so much, is to take man's place to such an extent that the man will have to take up woman's work. If I thought the masculine tendency of our present-day girls was likely to go much further, I might consent to the effemination of Jack simply to secure his comfort as a married man of the future; but I don't think that, and in consequence Jack is going to be brought up as a boy, and not as a girl. The football goes."

This remark was another indication of Jarley's depression. He rarely combated Mrs. Jarley's ideas, and when he did, and with a certain air of irritation, it was invariably a sign of his low mental state.

"When you say that the football goes, do you mean that it stays?" queried Mrs. Jarley, who was a little tired herself, and could not, therefore, resist the temptation to indulge in a bit of innocent repartee.

"I do," said Jarley, shortly. "Goes is sometimes a synonyme for stays. When I feel stronger I may invent a new language, which will have fewer absurdities than English as she is spoke."

And with this Jarley went to bed, and slept the sleep of the just man who is truly weary.

If he had foreseen the result of his football investment it is doubtful if his sleep would have been so tranquil—unless, perchance, he were fashioned after that rare pattern of mankind, Louis XVI. of France, who called for his six or seven course dinner with a mob of howling, bloodthirsty Parisians in his antechamber, and who on the eve of his execution slept well, despite his knowledge that within fifteen hours his head would in all probability be lopped off by the guillotine to gratify the lust for blood which was the chief characteristic of the promoters of the first French Republic.

At six on the morning of Thanksgiving day Jarley lay sleeping peacefully, but the youthful Jack was not. Thanksgiving day was not a holiday in his eyes, but a day set apart for work, thanks to his father's indulgence in providing him with a football. He had gone to bed the night before with the ball hugged tightly to his breast; and along about ten o'clock, when Jarley himself had gone into the nursery to put that treasured good-night kiss upon the forehead of his sleeping boy, tired as he was and blue as he was, Jarley had difficulty in repressing the laughter that manifested itself within him, for Jack lay prone, face upward, with the football under the small of his back, and seemingly as comfortable as though he were resting upon eider-down.

"That is certainly a characteristic football attitude," Jarley said, when Mrs. Jarley had come to see what had caused her husband's chuckle.

"Yes—and so good for the spine!" returned Mrs. Jarley.

The attitude was changed, but the ball was left where Jack would see it the first thing on awaking in the morning. At six, as I have said, Jarley was sleeping peacefully, but Jack was not. He had opened his eyes some minutes before, and on catching sight of his treasured football he began to grin. The grin grew wider and wider, until apparently it got too wide for the bed, and the boy leaped out of his couch upon the floor. The first thing he did was to pat the ball gently but firmly, very much as a kitten manifests its interest in a ball of yarn. Then his attentions to his new plaything grew more pronounced and vigorous, and within fifteen minutes it had been chased out of the nursery into the parental bedchamber. Still Jarley slept. Mrs. Jarley was merely half asleep. She tried to tell Jack to be quiet; but she was not quite wide awake enough to do so as forcibly as was necessary, and the result was that instead of abating his ardor, Jack plunged into his sport more vigorously than ever.

And then Jarley was awakened—and what an awakening it was! Not one of those peaceful comings-to that betoken the tranquil mind after a good rest, but a return to consciousness with every warlike tendency in his being aroused to the highest pitch. Jack had passed the ball with considerable momentum on to the mantel-piece, which sent it backward on the rebound to no less a feature than the nose of the slumbering Jarley.

"What the deuce was that?" cried Jarley, sitting up straight in bed. He had forgotten all about the football, and to his suddenly restored consciousness it seemed as if the ceiling must have fallen. Then he rubbed his nose, which still ached from the force of the impact between itself and the ball.

"It was the ball did it, papa," said Jack, meekly. "'Twasn't me."

In an instant Jarley was on the floor; and Jack, scenting trouble, incontinently fled. The parent was angry from the top of his head to the soles of his feet, but as the soles of his feet touched the floor his anger abated. After all, Jack hadn't meant to hurt him, and having witnessed several games of football, he knew how innately perverse an oval-shaped affair like the ball itself could be. Furthermore, there was Mrs. Jarley, who had disapproved of his purchase from the outset. If he wreaked vengeance upon poor little Jack for his unwitting offence, Jarley knew that he would in a measure weaken his position in the argument of the night before. So, instead of chastising Jack, as he really felt inclined to do, he picked up the ball, and repairing to the nursery, summoned the boy to him in his sweetest tones.

"Never mind, old chap," he said, as Jack appeared before him. "I know you didn't mean it; but you must play in here until it is time for you to go out. Papa is very sleepy, and you disturb him."

"All right," said Jack. "I'll play in here. I forgot."

Then Jarley patted Jack on the head, rubbed his nose again dubiously, for it still smarted from the effects of the blow it had sustained, and retired to his bed once more. If he fondly hoped to sleep again, he soon found that his hope was based upon a most shifting foundation, for the whoops and cries and noises of all sorts, vocal and otherwise, that emanated from the next room destroyed all possibility of his doing anything of the sort. At first the very evident enjoyment of his son and heir, as Jarley listened to his goings-on in the nursery, amused him more or less; but his quiet smile soon turned to one of blank dismay when he heard a thunderous roar from Jack, followed by a crash of glass. Again springing from his bed, Jarley rushed into the nursery.

"Well, what's happened now?" he asked.

Jack's under lip curved in the manner which betokens tears ready to be shed.

"Nun-nothing," he sobbed. "I was just k-kicking a goal, and that picture got in the way."

Jarley looked for the picture that had got in the way, and at once perceived that it would never get in the way again, since it was irretrievably ruined. However, he was not overcome by wrath over this incident, because the picture was not of any particular value. It was only a highly colored print of three cats in a basket, which had come with a Sunday newspaper, and had been cheaply framed and hung up in the nursery because Jack had so willed. On principle Jarley had to show a certain amount of displeasure over the accident, and he did as well as he could under the circumstances, and retired.

For a while Jack played quietly enough, and Jarley was just about dozing off into that delicious forty winks prior to getting up when shrieks from the second Jarley boy came from the nursery. This time Mrs. Jarley, with one or two expressions of natural impatience, deemed it her duty to interfere. Jarley, she reasoned, had a perfect right to spoil Jack if he pleased, but he had no right to permit Jack to do bodily injury to Tommy; and as Tommy was making the house echo and re-echo with his wails, she deemed it her duty to take a hand. Jarley meanwhile pretended to sleep. He was as wide awake as he ever was; but the atmosphere was not full of warmth, and upon this occasion, as well as upon many others, his conscience permitted him to overlook the shortcomings of his elder son, and to assume a somnolence which, while it was not real, certainly did conduce to the maintenance of his personal comfort. Mrs. Jarley, therefore, rose up in her wrath. It was merely a motherly wrath, however, and those of us who have had mothers will at once realize what that wrath amounted to. She repaired immediately to the nursery, and without knowing anything of the technical terms of the noble game of football, instinctively realized that Jack and Tommy were having a "scrimmage." That is to say, she was confronted with a structure made up as follows: basement, the ball; first story, Tommy, with his small and tender stomach placed directly over the ball; second story and roof, Jack, lying stomach upward and wiggling, his back accurately registered on Tommy's back, to the detriment and pain of Tommy.

"Get *up*, Jack," Mrs. Jarley cried. "What on earth are you trying to do to Tommy? Do you want to kill him?"

"Nome," Jack replied, innocently. "He wanted to play football, and I'm letting him. He's Harvard and I'm Yale."

A smothered laugh from the adjoining room showed that Jarley was not so soundly sleeping that he could not hear what was going on. Tommy meanwhile continued to wail.

"Well, get up—right away!" cried Mrs. Jarley. "I sha'n't have you abusing Tommy this way."

"Ain't abusin' him," retorted Jack, rising. "I was 'commodatin' him. He wanted to play. When I don't let him play I get scolded, and when I do let him I'm scolded. 'Pears to me you don't want me to do anything."

Thus Thanksgiving day began, not altogether well, but equanimity was soon restored all around, and everything might have run smoothly from that time on had not a cold drizzling rain set in about breakfast-time. It was clearly to be an in-door day. And what a day it was!

At ten o'clock the football came into play again.

At eleven the score stood: one clock knocked off the mantel-piece in the library; three chandelier globes broken to bits; one plaster Barye bear destroyed by a low kick from the parlor floor; Tommy with his nose very nearly out of joint, thanks to a flying wedge represented by Jack; Mrs. Jarley's amiability in peril, and Jarley's irritability well developed.

At twelve the ball was confiscated, but restored at twelve-five for the sake of peace and quiet.

At one, dinner was served and eaten in moody silence, Jack having inadvertently punted the ball through the pantry, grazing the chignon of the waitress, and landing in the mayonnaise. It was not a happy dinner, and Jarley began to wish either that he had never been born or that all footballs were in Ballyhack, wherever that may be.

"If it would only clear off!" he moaned. "That boy needs a play-ground as big as the State of Texas anyhow, and here we are cooped up in the house, with a football added."

"We'll have to take it away from him," said Mrs. Jarley, "or else you'll have to take Jack up into the attic and play with him. I can't have everything in the house smashed."

"We'll compromise on Jack's going to the attic. I have no desire to play football," returned Jarley; and this was the plan agreed upon. It would have been a good plan if Jarley had expended some of his inventive genius upon some such game as football solitaire, and instructed Jack therein beforehand; but this he had not done, and the result was that at three o'clock Jarley found himself in the attic involved in a furious game, in which he represented variously Harvard, the goal, the goal-posts, the referee, and acting with too great frequency as understudy for the ball. What he was not, Jack was, and the worst part of it was that there was no tiring Jack. The longer he played, the better he liked it. The oftener Jarley's shins received kicks intended for the football, the louder he laughed. When Jarley, serving as a goal-post, stood at one end of the attic, Jarley junior, standing several yards away, often appeared to mistake him for two goal-posts, and to make an honest effort to kick the ball through him. Slowly the hours passed, until finally six o'clock struck, and Master Jack's supper was announced.

The day was over at last. Wearily Jarley dragged himself down the stairs and reckoned up the day's losses. In glass and bric-à-brac destroyed he was some twenty or thirty dollars out. In mayonnaise dressing lost at dinner through the untoward act of the football he was out one pleasurable sensation to his palate, and Jarley was one of those to whom that is a loss of an irreparable nature. In bodily estate he was practically a bankrupt. Had he bicycled all morning and played golf all the afternoon he could not have been half so weary. Had he been thrown from a horse flat upon an asphalt pavement he could not have been half so bruised; all of which Mrs. Jarley considerately noted, and with an effort recovered her amiability for her husband's sake, so that after eight o'clock, at which hour Jack retired to bed, a little rest was obtainable, and Jarley's equanimity was slowly restored.

"Well," said Mrs. Jarley, as they went up stairs at eleven, "it hasn't been a very peaceful day, has it, dear?"

"Oh, that all depends on how you spell peace. If you spell it p-i-e-c-e, it's been full of pieces," returned Jarley, with a smile; "but I say, my dear, I want to modify my statement last night that I had nothing to be thankful for. I have discovered one great blessing."

"What's that—a football?" queried Mrs. Jarley.

"Not by ten thousand long shots!" cried Jarley. "No, indeed. It's this: I'm more thankful than I can express that Jack is not twins. If he had been, you'd have been a widow this evening."

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A GENTLEMAN SEEN AT THE HORSE SHOW.

SINCE horses are so dear to him,
One gapes to find it true
That they should so much dearer prove
To men he sells them to.
E. S. M.

A NOVEMBER LANDSCAPE.

Gray leagues of distance with no genial ray
To light the clouds in sombre purple rolled!—
The shrivelled leaves along the murky way
Have lost their subtle charm of broidered gold.

The reeds along the brook-side whisper shrill,
Bent by the wind that through their columns strays,
And on the polished bosom of the rill
A fallen bird-nest on the eddy plays.

A bleak unpleasant spirit haunts the day,
And over all reigns solitude supreme,
While down the path in green no longer gay,
The pattering acorn breaks the woodland's dream.

And o'er the fields wrapt in an ashen pall,
Where in the gloom the russet cornstalks sigh
About the scraggly sumac-bowered wall,
A leaden hawk drifts through the leaden sky.

R. K. Munkittrick.

ANTI-SNAPPER TO MR. WHEELER.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I have great respect for Mr. Everett P. Wheeler. He represents what is best and purest, as well as what is soundest, in American politics. It gave me great pleasure to vote for him for Governor. It would gratify my pride as a citizen of New York if he should represent it in the Senate. Yet, notwithstanding our mutual sympathy in political principles, Mr. Wheeler, whose reply to my letter concerning Mr. Cleveland's share of responsibility for the late Democratic defeat I have just read, fails to understand the point which I tried to make in that communication.

I recognize Mr. Cleveland's great qualities quite as fully as Mr. Wheeler. I know what he has done, and, as his friend and as a Democrat, I rejoice in his achievements. I honor him for his courage, but I know that he is not the leader for a cause, and that he has shown himself not to be the man to bring order and harmony out of the discord and confusion which Mr. Wheeler describes as existing in the Democratic party, owing to the lack of "that cohesion that can only be produced by concerted and responsible action."

A true leader would have disciplined the army with which he fought the battle. Mr. Cleveland encouraged the elements of discord, and strengthened the men whom Mr. Wheeler alludes to as "mercenaries and camp-followers," but who may be more accurately described as traitors within the lines, bent on defeating the pledges and professions on the faith of which Mr. Cleveland was nominated and elected.

Mr. Wheeler takes an inadequate view of Mr. Cleveland's offending if he thinks that the complaint against him is of a failure to "strengthen the Anti-Snapper organization." I do not want the President to build up a machine for office-getting. The friends for whom I speak would not have him do this. But Mr. Cleveland has actually upheld the hands and encouraged the base hearts of those who, professing to be Democrats, have served Democracy with lip service for "what there was in it" for them, or betrayed and sold it for "what there was in it" for the monopolies, the trusts, the protected bandits whose hold upon the taxing power of the government it was and is the mission of the Democratic party to break. Mr. Cleveland should have appointed no Tammany man, and no Hill, Murphy, or Sheehan man to office. Every such appointment was a direct encouragement to the men who were bringing ruin upon the Democratic party and discrediting Democratic professions. It was also a direct discouragement of the men who were trying to purify the Democratic party. Mr. Cleveland was obliged to make some appointments. In selecting his subordinates he should have consulted with men who were not machine men. He ought to have paid no deference or even listened to the wishes of those in spite of whom he was nominated and elected, and who at last have involved him with themselves in a common and disgraceful ruin.

To go further back, he should not have permitted Gorman, Brice, and Smith to manage his campaign or to have any voice in its management. It is idle for Mr. Wheeler to undertake to convince us that Mr. Cleveland was forced to recognize the National Committee, and to accept as final what it did and prescribed. If Mr. Wheeler's friends had defeated Hill, Murphy, Croker, and Sheehan at Saratoga, and nominated him for Governor, would he have permitted these brigands to manage his campaign because the Convention, in the foolish amorousness of outward harmony customary to Democratic politicians, had left them in control of the State Committee? Would he have listened to the suggestion that Mr. Fairchild and others of his friends, having drawn their checks, to be used perhaps in aid of Grant, should then retire from all participation in the campaign? I fancy not. And yet that is like what Mr. Cleveland did in the campaign of 1892.

Mr. Wheeler ought not to say, as he does, that the censure of the President for having nearly appointed a Tammany man as United States District Attorney means probably that "some of his friends advised him to do this." Not so much to inform Mr. Wheeler as to save my point from misconception, I will state that Mr. Cleveland had about determined to appoint a Tammany man, and would doubtless have carried out his determination but for a fortunate combination of strong influences operating upon him at the right moment and together.

I write this not to meet Mr. Wheeler's arguments, and certainly not to overcome his admiration for Mr. Cleveland, but to protest against the false conception—disastrously false when held by one who stands at the head of an organization—that I advocate machine-building and spoils-grabbing, when I insist that our leader should have surrounded himself with what was best, and should have aggressively turned his back upon what is base in the Democratic party.

New York, *November 28th.* Democrat.

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The Japanese pride themselves largely on the lineage of their Emperor. Tradition says that he, like the rest of us, is of divine extraction, but he has the advantage of most of us in being able to trace back his descent for 121 generations, covering a period of 2500 years. At the recent banquet held by Japanese residents of New York, on the Emperor's birthday (November 3d), at the Waldorf Hotel, the speakers were unusually enthusiastic. One of them, Mr. Ter M. Uyeno, whose address has been sent to the Weekly, named the present Mikado as "incomparably the greatest sovereign the world has ever seen." He bases the Mikado's claim to so remarkable a distinction partly on his unequalled lineage, partly on the extraordinary progress Japan has made during his reign. Every one knows that Japan has burst her cocoon during the present Mikado's reign, and made extraordinary progress in what the Western nations understand as "civilization." But that her progress is mainly due to the Mikado is not so generally understood. We know that he is an enlightened sovereign, and in sympathy with the progressive spirit of his people, but if Mr. Uyeno had so far modified his eulogy as to call him the greatest *Japanese* sovereign the world has seen, his statement would have been less liable to be disputed.

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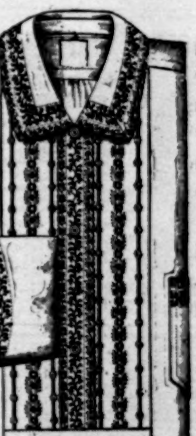

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AMATEUR · SPORT

The retirement of Howard E. Raymond from the chairmanship of the League of American Wheelmen's Racing Board will create a vacancy in probably the most important office at that body's disposal, which it will be exceedingly difficult to again fill so satisfactorily. In the history of American athletics no man in my remembrance has handled so difficult a situation so successfully as Mr. Raymond did the masquerading amateur in racing bicycling. In no branch of athletics has so vexing a problem confronted an official.

We have not agreed with Mr. Raymond in his predilection for dividing racing amateurs in two classes, but certain it is that he has managed a very trying condition of affairs with better results than most men could have done.

The situation in racing bicycling, both in this country and in England, has been and continues to be an anomalous one. The spreading popularity of wheeling, and the activity of manufacturers to advertise their bicycles, created a class of racing-men who, although not competing for cash prizes, were in the employ of manufacturers, and devoted their entire time year in and year out to training and racing. The proclaimed impossibility of the L. A. W. Racing Board to fix upon any one of the racers a definite charge of professionalism left the class at liberty to make a livelihood on the track and yet continue to be classed as amateurs. It was perfectly evident to every man with three grains of common-sense that the men were not amateurs, that they were being paid salaries for riding, and yet the L. A. W. made no decisive effort to stop it.

The disinclination—for such, to be plain, we must call it, of the L.A.W. to unmask this so-called amateur was due entirely, no doubt, to the relations existing between the League officials, their newspapers, and the manufacturers, whose advertising patronage, as a matter of course, was large, and a powerful influence in legislative circles. Even so active an official as Mr. Raymond appeared to be unable to clear the bicycling horizon of what had long been public scandal.

The only way to cleanse the sport would have been to follow the example of Mr. W. B. Curtis in his method of dealing with a corresponding class of "amachoors" that infested boxing a few years ago, to wit, unqualified disqualification of the suspected ones. But this course seemed too radical for the L.A.W. officials, and the masquerading continued, until Mr. Raymond devised and carried into effect his two-class scheme. This was a division of racing-men into Class A and Class B—the former to include *bona fide* amateurs that raced for sport, and the latter for those that were hired by manufacturers, and raced for the salaries they received from their employers, and incidentally for pianos, diamond rings, and gold watches.

Mr. Raymond was long-headed enough to believe that under the new conditions the rivalry of manufacturers, and their individual efforts to secure for their respective wheels the fastest riders before the public, would come in contact with the cupidity of the riders themselves. And he was not wrong in his impressions. The Class B men were not long in appreciating their advantage, and contracts proved of small avail in holding their allegiance once a rival employer held out sufficient inducement. Thus, in the interest of the manufacturers, the L. A. W. has been obliged to pass a rule compelling Class B men to respect their contracts. Meanwhile, too, the racing has on different occasions degenerated to what might be expected where the sole consideration of contestants was dollars and cents. In other words, bicycle-racing in Class B is fast reaching the plane to which every other professional sport in America has fallen.

Mr. Raymond's greatest activity has been along the line of dividing the amateurs and the professionals—*i. e.*, of relegating to Class B, as rapidly as he discovered them, those that proved themselves unworthy of remaining in Class A. In this particular he has, in truth, accomplished wonders. The startling growth of Class B, by the banishment into it of transgressing amateurs from almost every section of the United States, has shown not only unceasing vigilance, but executive ability of a high order. Under the halting rules of the L. A. W., which have shown a failing appreciation of the true amateur spirit, he has made the best of a bad case, and dealt with it in a most practical and satisfactory manner. We wish the ruling could have been more summary at the outset, but such as it was, Mr. Raymond has done with it all that could be expected. We desire to assure him, on his retirement, of our appreciation of his work, and wish him all success in his Western business venture.

As for racing bicycling itself, this department still holds the position it took several years ago on the question of the amateur. We maintain, and believe all sportsmen will agree with us, that there can be no class distinctions of the amateur in bicycling or any other sport. A man is either an amateur or he is a professional. We must have pure amateur sport or open professionalism. Any masquerading in either is certain to result in scandal, and sooner or later in the decay, if not entire collapse, of the sport so afflicted. The claim of the L.A.W. that banishment of the crack racers to the professional ranks would operate adversely on amateur cycling was as illogical as it was weak. On the contrary, it does not require unusual discernment to appreciate that the travelling about the country of a few very fast men must act as a hinderance to the development of local talent, which realizes the impossibility of reaping rewards for its efforts against such stars. This is only touching upon the mere encouragement of racing material. So far as the amateur side of the question is concerned—

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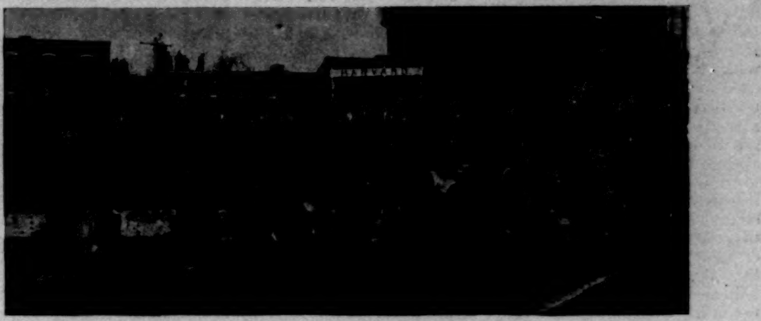


PENNSYLVANIA'S MODERN INTERFERENCE.

PENNSYLVANIA CIRCLING END—HARVARD WAITING FOR THE INTERFERERS.

needless to say that the presence of men whom all the world know to be professionals, allowed to flourish by the grace of the L.A.W.'s Class B, is a constant menace to good wholesome sporting sentiments. They are a positive demoralizing element wherever they go, furnishing, as they must, a constant temptation to young men by whom the ethics of amateur sport are but imperfectly understood. It is not at all unnatural that along the racing route of this well-trained, comfortably-housed band of Class B performers there should be promising cyclists unlearned in the purity of the sport, in whom a desire to find some equally indulgent backer would be created. I am positive that the toleration of this Class B, by a body alleged to be organized for the furtherance and protection of amateur bicycling, is doing much to sow the seeds of professionalism—dishonest professionalism, which is the worst kind.

SOONER OR LATER THE END MUST COME. It has already become apparent in the two years of its experiment that we cannot invariably count upon a race being won on its merits. There have been several instances in the past season where suspicion attached to the decision of a race, and we shall have but to wait until the men become a little more daring in their unscrupulousness for the open scandal that follows contests between men struggling for the almighty dollar.

It is absolutely impossible to have pure sport that is conducted to the accompaniment of jingling silver. So long as the L.A.W. protects such men by its Class B license there can be no hope of purification. Their recognition as amateurs, even though it be as Class B amateurs, is just so much of their stock in trade. It is one of the most important considerations in their value to the manufacturer, and they are not likely to relinquish it for open professionalism so long as it is possible to hold it by one way or another. Unless I am much mistaken, the manufacturers themselves would welcome deliverance from the disguised amateur, for under existing conditions this Class B racer has grown somewhat of an autocrat, and the popularity of the wheel has become too fixed for its sale to be influenced in one direction or the other by a class of hireling performers. The average Class B rider clings to that class because, as matters are now, he can make more money racing as an amateur than as a professional. If the L.A.W. recalled its protection he would join the ranks in which he properly belongs. Since that is the present situation, why will not the L.A.W. make a strike for its liberty, and for the best interest of amateur sport, by doing away with Class B, and giving its undivided attention to the encouragement of *bona fide* amateurs and pure cycle-racing.

HARVARD RUSH-LINE DEFENSE—WRENN JUST PASSING BALL.

ARRANGEMENT OF PLAYERS ON KICK-OFF.

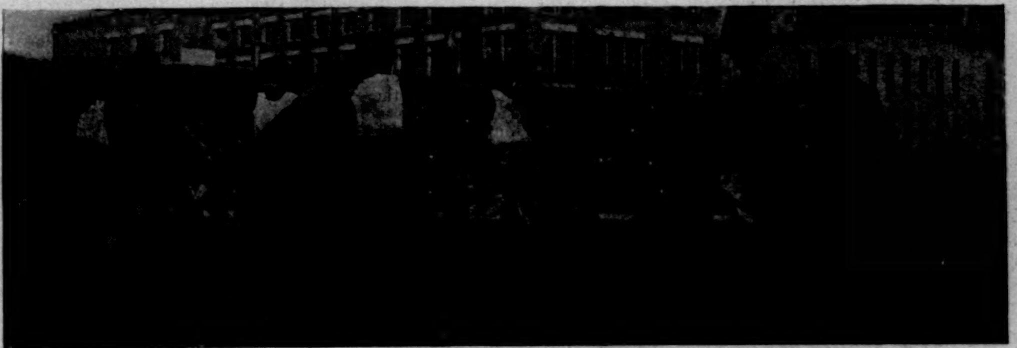
THERE IS NEARLY ALWAYS a modicum of good coming out of what is otherwise thoroughly bad. Even the deplorable exhibition given at Springfield of the vicious side of football may be so regarded. That game has finally aroused the *alumni* from the indifference with which they had viewed the rapidly increasing tendency to unmanly, unsportsmanlike football—aroused them merely to "thinking it over," but up to date has carried them no further. "Thinking it over" and nothing more will by no means answer the purpose this time. There has been enough unproductive "thinking" in the past. What we need now is prompt, decisive action not only on the elimination of unsportsmanlike methods from football, but on the entire subject of college athletics. Let this be made the opportunity of taking up the questions where games shall be held, how much shall be charged for admission, preliminary football seasons, etc. As well as new football rules akin to those suggested in this department last week, we need others touching the more ethical side of the matter.

IF WE ARE TO ENTER UPON THE FUTURE of college sport with confidence in its wholesome life and growth, we must have the assurance that at least seven new rules will be put forth to govern inter-collegiate contests:

1st. College games (advisedly all, but particularly football) to be played on college grounds only. 2d. No preliminary training season in any sport. 3d. Admission to games not to exceed fifty cents, nor reserved seats one dollar and fifty cents. 4th (for football). The ball declared down the instant a runner is tackled and held. 5th. The English rule on the attempt at free catch by a back—viz., opposing players may not go nearer him than five yards on the attempt. 6th. Two umpires instead of one, authorized to disqualify instantly on first exhibition of unnecessary roughness. 7th. The permanent disqualification for the season of a player who has shown viciousness in his work. This is done in England, where a man showing a disposition to slug is ruled off the football-field once and for always. It would be effective here. Finally, I have to suggest that a committee on arbitration be made a matter of annual election from among the governors of the University Athletic Club, and that this club take its place as the balance-wheel of college sport, which it was originally created to supply. As a rule, the governors have grown beyond that wild unreasoning enthusiasm which operates as an intoxicant and unbalances the undergraduate's mind. I would suggest this committee as a court of high appeal on all disputes over dates, questions of fair gate charges, eligibility of any particular player upon whose claims the interested colleges cannot agree—a committee, in other words, that would advise the undergraduate when he stood in need of advice, and would arbitrate his disputes with men of other colleges.

We sorely needed such a committee last week to advise Yale publicly to set its stamp of disapproval on vicious unsportsmanlike play by withdrawing the name of F. A. Hinkey from the team that met Princeton Saturday. By not doing so Yale missed an excellent chance of correcting an error made earlier in the season, when its football captain was chosen, and of giving the public an opportunity to commend its stand for good clean amateur sport, regardless of results. As it is now, the public will assume that victory was too dear to the Yale heart to risk by reprimanding a player who has received the unqualified censure of all sportsmen. Nor has it been fair to the Yale players, for the popular disapproval is very apt to include the eleven, whereas cleaner, more sportsmanlike players than Stillman, Hickok, Beard, Adee, Thorne, Butterworth, and McCrea seldom put on canvas jackets.

NOW THAT THE FOOTBALL SEASON is at an end, let us have these disquieting matters adjusted at once. Let the *alumni* do their duty, not only to their *alma matres*, but to their own sons and to Young America generally. Do not temporize until parental or faculty interference curtails a game that in its unabused form is one of the best trainers of mind and body in the entire category of sports. Once again, and for the third time, this department calls upon the men who stand as sponsors for football at their respective universities to rally for a commonsense talk on the situation, and to place the game beyond the criticism of the prejudiced. There is much to do, and it can be attained only by concerted action; if there are any sanguinary hatchets lying around, the good of the game and the needs of amateur sport demand that they be buried with appropriate obsequies. American sportsmen will deplore any repetition of the past season with its failure of decisive action. Desultory attempts at right doing and deprecatory shrugs will no longer satisfy the demand for a thorough purging. It is certainly true that if these *alumni* do not act in the matter, college faculties and parents will, and perforce to the partial suppression of the game at least. Therefore let the following gentlemen come together without delay, and do what we know they can for football and college amateur sport: Professor Ames, Dr. W. A. Brooks, Robert Bacon, for Harvard; George Adee, Professor Richards, Walter Camp, for Yale; C. C. Cuyler, Tracy Harris, Henry Alexander, for Princeton; John C. Bell, Dr. White, and H. L. Geyelin, for Pennsylvania. My suggestion is further—Charles F. Mathewson, of Dartmouth, as chairman of the meeting.



WILLIAMS'S LONG PASS TO OSGOOD.

THE CRITICISM OF UNCLEAN PLAY in football, and appeal in this department to the *alumni* of the several interested universities for its abolition, appears, by his own acknowledgment, to have impressed the editor of the New York *Evening Post* as "very curious and somewhat amusing," while I am alluded to as "a football expert who last year used to make short work once a week of the *Evening Post's* position about the game." Mr. Godkin's sense of the humorous must be exquisitely discerning to have discovered anything amusing in our appeal to the sportsmanship of college men. We had thought it rather too serious a matter to admit of being funny from any point of view, though it is possible, of course, that the writer is unduly obtuse. We should not refer to this subject here, since our endeavors are invariably for the maintenance of honest amateur sport rather than the athletic enlightenment of editors, were it not that Mr. Godkin is only one of a large class, and because we believe the *Post* really has the interest of amateur sport as much at heart as we, without probably knowing the details of the subject quite so well. None that read and applauded the strong, convincing, anti-Tammany editorials of the *Post* in the recent political campaign will doubt that their writer stands for the right. Therefore we take up this subject once more, and for the last time, to point out to the *Evening Post* and its train of weakling imitators just how and why, if they are earnest in their protestations of interest in the welfare of amateur sport, they are doing more harm than good.

WE HAVE AS A BASIS, first of all, that football is a rough, vigorous game; one that demands courage, physical and mental activity, endurance, and judgment. Is it desirable to cultivate these qualities in Young America? Obviously it is. Is there any other game in which they are so essential to success or which develops them to such a degree as football? I am quite sure that if the complete catalogue of games be gone over carefully none will be found to so entirely fill the requirements as football. Only two approach it in all-round qualifications, viz., lacrosse and polo, and the first, for some reason or other, seems to fail of the popularity it merits, while the second could never attain wide popularity by reason of its comparative expensiveness. Hence we come in natural sequence to the question, is it desirable, is it wise, to abolish a game that has so much to commend it as football? I am very much mistaken in the intelligence of the American people if such a query put to vote would not call forth a universal and emphatic negative.

BUT THE GAME PERMITS UNNECESSARY ROUGHNESS and occasional brutal exhibitions, so the alarmists urge. True, it does, and I should be obliged to any one who will instance a game where the players come into personal contact that does not. Brutality is by no means an essential of football play; it is entirely a quality of personal instinct. Almost any game, certainly every vigorous one, may be made the conveyance of brutal tendencies. It merely happens that football gives a better opportunity for the display of viciousness than any other modern game, because a larger number of men are brought into contact, and because it is naturally hardier and calls for greater and more prolonged physical energy. As a rule, and I know of only two or three exceptions even in football, the most skilful, vigorous players are the cleanest. Generally speaking, a resort to underhand, cowardly measures in any sport is an indication of weakness. Particularizing football as an illustration in point, the strongest players to-day in their respective positions are notably clean in their play. Butterworth, Thorne, Knipe, Wheeler, Hickok, Stillman, Beard, Waters, Lea, Adee, Wrenn—in fact, a study of the elevens of this year, and of every year for the past ten, would show that, with few exceptions, the most valuable men to their teams were those who played the cleanest, manliest game. Thus it is apparent that the display of a vicious, cowardly spirit, conventionally styled "dirty" play, is under no possible circumstance a *sine qua non* of a skilful player, or of the game of football as a whole.

TAKING NOW THE ALARMIST'S OTHER POINT, to wit, that football is, for one reason and another, too rough a game, and, to quote the favorite anathema, "too dangerous to life and limb," a careful study of the game's history in America shows this objection to be as hypercritical as the others. First of all, the history of the world over reveals the fact that those games with a certain element of danger have been the most fascinating and the most popular, and this will remain true so long as the Anglo-Saxon race inhabits the globe. I think it is unquestionably true that football, of all the sports that contain an element of danger, shows fewer serious results, in comparison with the number of participants, than any other. The cases where football has been the direct cause of death to a player are so exceedingly rare as to be hardly worthy of consideration. Within my recollection of American football, which goes back some twenty years, I can recall but four; one of these was no fault of the game, the boy having tripped and fallen on a stone that caused peritonitis to set in, and the others were insufficiently trained to stand the vigor of play. It is a recorded fact that the large Eastern university games, whose teams of course play the hardest, have never resulted in casualties so serious. On the other hand, the accidents which most generally befall players—sprained ankles or twisted knees—have with few exceptions caused only temporary pain and inconvenience. The strongest compilation of statements on this phase of the game is the book of *Football Facts and Figures* which Messrs. Harper have recently published for Walter Camp. I suggest its reading by those interested in the question from either point of view; it will enlighten one side while it strengthens the convictions of the other; and furthermore, by dismissing the subject and turning my readers over to Mr. Camp's statistics, will give me space to take up in this issue of the WEEKLY another point of the argument.

THE OBJECTION TO UNNECESSARY ROUGHNESS that has been raised by those opposed to the game is the one with greatest reason in the premises, and the one to which we say Amen. But, with much reason on their side, the alarmists have exploited such irrational arguments as to call forth ridicule from the esoteric and incredulity from the exoteric, whereas otherwise they would have secured co-operation from both. It is by this reflective light that I have criticised the *Evening Post*, the attitude of whose editor on the question presaged either a penchant for sensational journalism or a lack of knowledge of the subject. I have invariably believed the latter assumption to be the correct one. If the *Evening Post* or any others of the game's detractors are seriously opposed to football as a sport and seek its banishment, I advise them to spend their time and energy where there is a surer hope of reward. If, instead, they will turn to page 179 of *A Sporting Pilgrimage*, recently published by Messrs. Harper, they will read in that chapter something of the history of a game that from its incipiency was met by the bitterest opposition any sport ever sustained, and yet flourished nevertheless. History repeats itself in sport, as well as in the affairs of the world. It is positively useless to look for the expulsion of a game that has from time out of mind held so firm a place in the affections of a race so hardy as the Anglo-Saxon. Football has thrived as far back as we can get any record of it, and rest assured it will continue to thrive until our race has become emasculated. Nor need we search ancient history for the lesson; it has been given in very recent years with much emphasis. A few years ago football was proscribed at Harvard; the interdiction remained in force one season, I believe, at the end of which time it was reinstated in favor, the only appreciable effect of the ban being the loss of a year in the development of the modern game.

BECAUSE FOOTBALL DISCLOSES an occasional brute, or offers another field of operation for the dishonest, must it be abolished? Our little topsy-turvy planet teems with deceit and viciousness, with betrayed trusts and shattered hopes; shall we then expect to find nothing of sordidness in football, baseball, cricket, where the true nature of the boy reveals itself ere disguised by the worldly mask he assumes later? Is human nature cast in one mould for its games of play and in another for its games of life?

Until man is born again there will be dishonesty in every field of his endeavor, whether it be of sport or trade. Our only salvation is the inculcation of proper sentiments in the nursery of each, the framing of adequate rules, and the swift punishment of transgressors.

UNNECESSARY ROUGHNESS IN FOOTBALL is a matter that has had the almost continuous attention of the game's legislators. That they have not entirely kept pace with the requirements of the day is simply because the extraordinarily rapid spread of the sport throughout the land and development of play have brought into the game thousands where formerly there were hundreds of participants, and created situations each season of the last three that required especial handling. It may be actually asserted that the progress of scientific football has been marked by the stretching of the playing rules to their furthermost interpretation. The constant effort for more daring conception of manœuvre and greater skill in the execution has resulted in lessons each year that could not be acted upon until the next season of play. Several years ago slugging was an invariable incident to a contest, but the insistence by the umpire on the rules has relieved the game of that undesirable feature to such an extent that now it is infrequent, and instantly calls forth censure, whereas it formerly was regarded as somewhat a matter of course by both umpire and spectator. Last year the momentum plays with their flying interference were introduced, and proved so great a strain on the players, and so likely to result in accidents, that a committee of football experts legislated to restrict them. That the rules they made last winter were not equal to the ingenuity of coaches the season just closed has demonstrated, but there will be another gathering of experts again this winter, and other rules made in accordance with the lessons of the season of '94. Thus it is apparent that football has not been permitted a rank growth, and that those who stand as its sponsors at the several universities will, so to speak, "make the punishment fit the crime."

THERE REMAINS ONLY ONE MORE POINT for me to take up in my line of argument for a rightful consideration of football. Only one, but the most important of them all—viz., the influence of the game for the moral and physical betterment of the American youth. No one will dispute the truth of *mens sano in corpore sano*, nor that the surest way to attain the first is by giving the body the exercise needful to its healthful nourishment. An argument frequently advanced is that football benefits a very few, which is not true, since there are a dozen second and various class elevens in each large university, to say nothing of the scrub teams and the scores of enthusiasts that are tempted to individual effort. Besides which, football is one of the most powerful factors in the great athletic influence that has spread throughout the universities of the United States in the last fifteen years. Any faculty member or any Eastern *alumnus* thirty-five years of age, who has made a study of this matter, will bear me out when I assert that the general morale of the undergraduate body has been materially elevated since athletics became a recognized part of college life. Dissipation is neither of so frequent occurrence nor so general as it was fifteen to twenty years ago; the animal spirits that then found vent in orgies of greater or less degree are now more often exploded on the football or baseball field or the running track. A large share of the tribute once paid to Bacchus now goes to Hercules. These are facts that may be had for the asking by any interested reader. Has football no claim on our consideration after this evidence?

APART FROM ITS MORAL INFLUENCE, football and athletics generally have been steadily and surely raising the type of our national manhood. We are fast becoming, like the English, a nation of athletes. Compare the boys, especially the city-bred ones, and the girls too, of twelve to sixteen years of age with those of even a dozen years ago. Read in the following quotation from *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table* what Dr. Holmes wrote on the subject in 1857: "I am satisfied that such a set of black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, paste-complexioned youth as we can boast in our Atlantic cities never before sprang from loins of Anglo-Saxon lineage. Of the females that are mates of these males I do not here speak. I preached my sermon from the lay pulpit on this matter a good while ago. Of course, if you heard it, you know my belief is that the total climatic influences here are getting up a number of new patterns of humanity, some of which are not an improvement on the old model. Clipper-built, sharp in the bows, long in the spars, slender to look at, and fast to go, the ship, which is the great organ of our national life of relation, is but a reproduction of the typical form which the elements impress upon its builder. All this we cannot help; but we can make the best of these influences, such as they are. We have few good boatmen, no good horsemen that I hear of—I cannot speak for cricketing—but as for any great athletic feat performed by a gentleman in these latitudes society would drop a man who should run round the Commons in five minutes. Some of our amateur fencers, single-stick players, and boxers we have no reason to be ashamed of. Boxing is rough play, but not too rough for a hearty young fellow. Anything is better than this white-blooded degeneration to which we all tend."

That we were ever in need of so vigorous an appeal to throw off effeminary sports for manly, vigorous sports we can scarcely realize in our present state of athletic development. Dr. Holmes lived to see and rejoice in the dawning of an era of amateur sport at his *alma mater*.

THE SITUATION CONFRONTING US in football, therefore, is that the game, in common with all athletics, has had a beneficial influence on American manhood; that it combines qualities for the manly cultivation of mind and matter that no other branch of physical culture offers in like degree; that it has developed popularity and skill in the last few years which have outpaced the rules governing play; that it has grown rough beyond the necessity for skilled, clean, hard play; that it has on a few occasions been the vehicle for the exhibition of a vicious spirit.

The question of the hour is, what are we going to do about it? Are we going to rail at football without rhyme or reason, denounce it offhand as brutal, and incite prejudice against a game that is at least nine parts wholesome? Are we, in short, going to pull at cross-purposes, or unite in an effort for the common good of amateur sport? If the *Post* and like critics have really the good of college sport at heart, rather than a desire to carp simply, let us have an end of these criticisms which read as though framed for the single purpose of misleading and prejudicing the uninformed; an end of such absurdly, maliciously untruthful statements as that the game "promotes and cherishes, if it does not recommend, the qualities which furnish our cities with the crop of blackguards and loafers and bruisers who build up the Tammanys and make municipal government so difficult" (*Post*). This shows quite as vicious a spirit as the veriest slugger on the football field. If Mr. Godkin will turn his trenchant editorial pen to the aid of those of us who are laboring in the interest of clean amateur sport, he will be able to look back with more complete satisfaction on the part he took in this great question of college sport.

THE MOST INDUBITABLE EVIDENCE that slugging is an excrescence and not an attribute of football was furnished by the two closing contests of the season—the Harvard-Pennsylvania game on Thanksgiving in Philadelphia, and the Yale-Princeton game in New York, December 1st. In both games the feeling from first to last was of the best, and though the play in the first half was of the hardest description, it was thoroughly sportsmanlike, without a single exception. The refereeing and umpiring of L. Bliss and Dr. Paul Dashiel, and J. Dehart and Dashiel, were also entirely satisfactory on both occasions. Both these games, as well as the Harvard-Yale at Springfield, and the Princeton-Pennsylvania, emphasized the important part kicking has played in this season's contests, for in each instance it was that feature which more than any other influenced the victory, and in each instance, too, weakness in that particular accounted for the majority of the winning team's points. The somewhat remarkable part of it is that, with the lessons of the earlier part of the season, and a good month in which to strengthen the weakness, Harvard, and especially Princeton, should have made no greater improvement in the handling of kicks. The Harvard-Pennsylvania contest showed, furthermore, the entire soundness of Yale's objection to playing two hard games within a week, for Harvard, in the latter part of the second half, was played to a standstill, and, from a mere physical point of view, utterly unable to withstand the onslaught of Pennsylvania, whose team was in prime condition, and played through the game without calling on a substitute.

PENNSYLVANIA'S VICTORY OVER HARVARD, 18–4, was gained by perfect team play, the most brilliant and skilfully arranged interference that has been shown on the field this year, and a full-back, Brooke, who has no peer in kicking, aside from Butterworth of Yale. For twenty minutes of the first half Harvard worked well together with snap and accurate execution of plays, and for that length of time really outplayed Pennsylvania. The line withstood Pennsylvania's efforts to pierce it, and for a while it looked as though Pennsylvania had forgotten her strength and was not using her head to the best advantage. She lost the ball several times on downs, but when she did kick, Harvard lost about fifteen yards on the exchange. Fairchild certainly punted better than he had ever done in practice, and, what with his running and tackling, played, until disabled and retired altogether, one of the best games of his team. Harvard continued her good play until, after working the ball from Pennsylvania's 35 to her 5 yard line, it was lost on a fumble. Thereafter loose play proved disastrous, beginning with Brewer allowing a kick to roll fifteen yards down field without falling on it, and culminating with Hayes picking up a kick (that would have rolled into touch) and being pushed over for a safety.

Penn. seemed to have been reserving her strength, for almost at the beginning of the second half she blocked Hayes's punt, Wagenhurst making a touch-down; and shortly after Whittemore was tackled back of the line by Gelbert, losing the ball, which Knipe carried to Harvard's 5-yard line and across in two plays. Following this, Osgood, behind Knipe's interference made one run of 60 yards, one of 45, and one of 50, twice on a catch, and on the second took the ball to the 5-yard line, from which he scored a touch-down on the following play. Harvard shortly afterward secured the ball on Penn.'s 30-yard line, and by steady sharp rushes carried it over for a touch-down, from which A. Brewer missed an easy goal. It was the dying effort of Harvard, for immediately thereafter she assumed the defensive, and could scarcely keep Penn. from scoring at will, much less score herself. Captain Knipe played the star game of the day, his interference making Osgood's brilliant runs possible, while his tackling and ground-gaining were the best shown by any back this year. Gelbert put up an exceedingly strong game at the end, and he, more than any other, broke up Harvard's interference. As a matter of fact, every Penn. man played his position well, while for Harvard, Waters, Fairchild, A. Brewer left the strongest impression of good play. Penn. won on her merits unquestionably, and played a game of football, and especially as regards interference, superior to any shown this year.

AS FOR THE YALE-PRINCETON game, won by the former, 24–0, there is nothing to say, except that Yale outplayed Princeton with absurd ease, scoring twelve points in ten minutes, and eighteen in the first half. Yale relied entirely on line-bucking and Butterworth's punting, and was sure of gain either way. The tackles seemed particularly vulnerable points in Princeton's line. Riggs and Brown played the best games on the line; all the others seemed comparatively dead; even Wheeler could not gain. Probably the most notable feature of Princeton was the kicking of Bannard (who took Cochran's place after the latter's blocked kick, gave Yale six points), because better than expected. The handling of kicks by the backs was wretched; fumble followed fumble, one resulting in a touch-down, while they were repeatedly overkicked, and never struck the line in time to take advantage of the opening. The men were not in good condition, have been ignorantly trained and poorly managed, and could not play even good common football. Yale played snappy, ordinary football in the first half, and eased in the second. Every man played well, but Beard, Butterworth, and especially Captain Hinkey, were notable.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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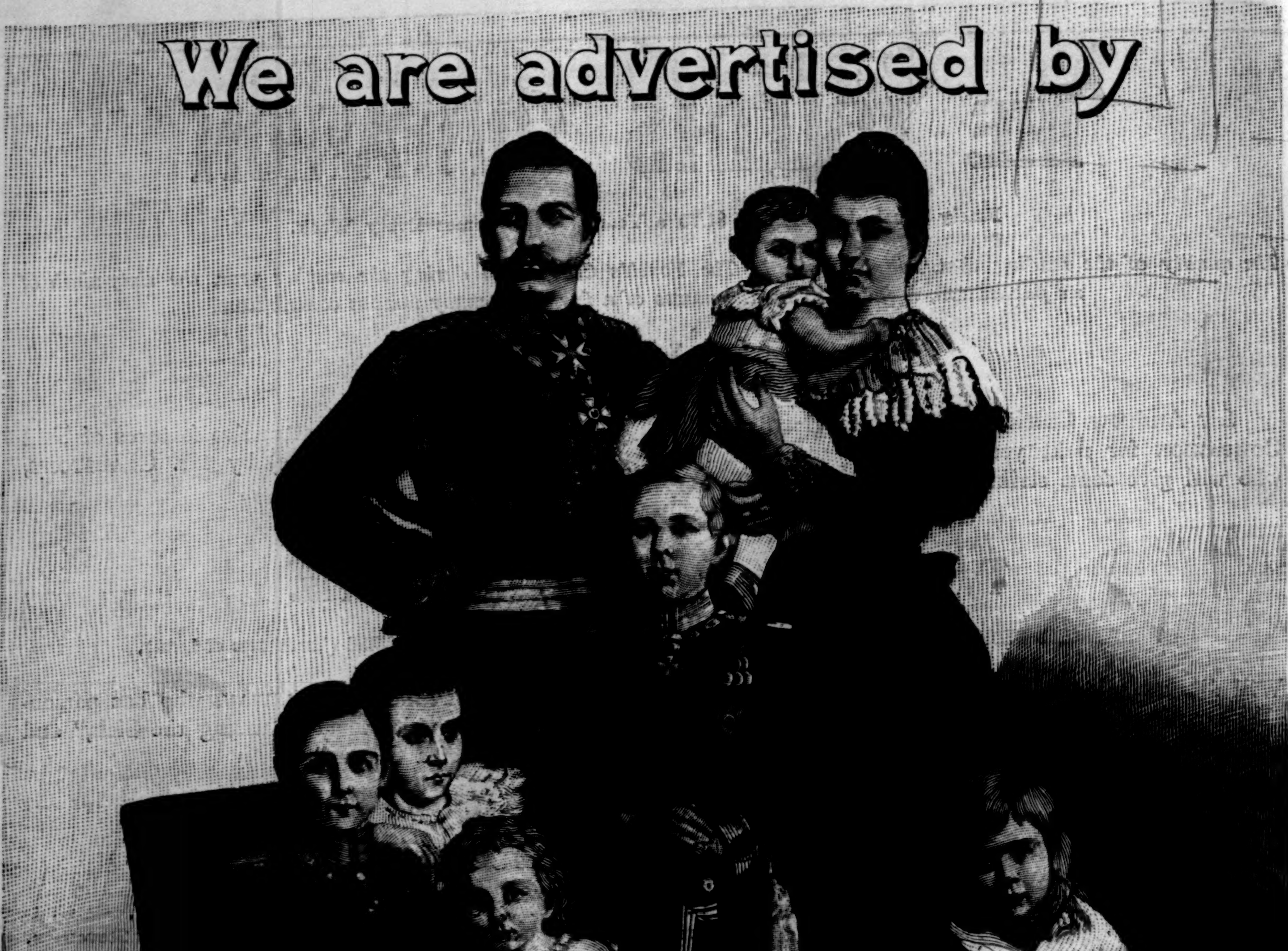

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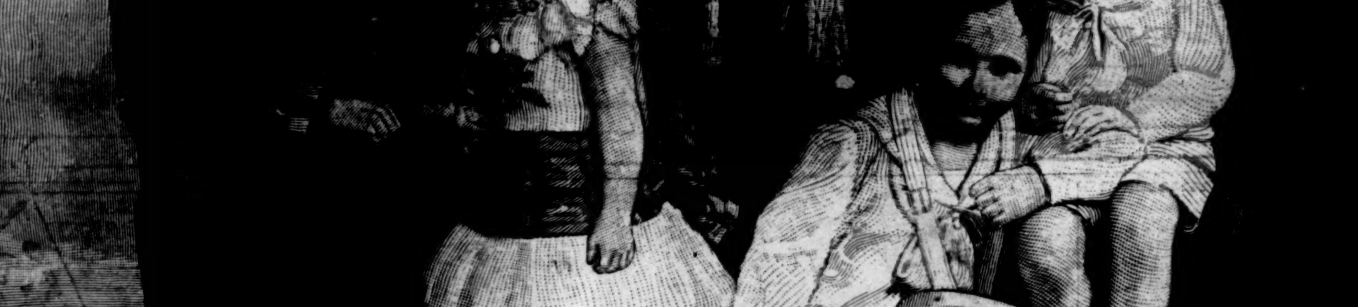

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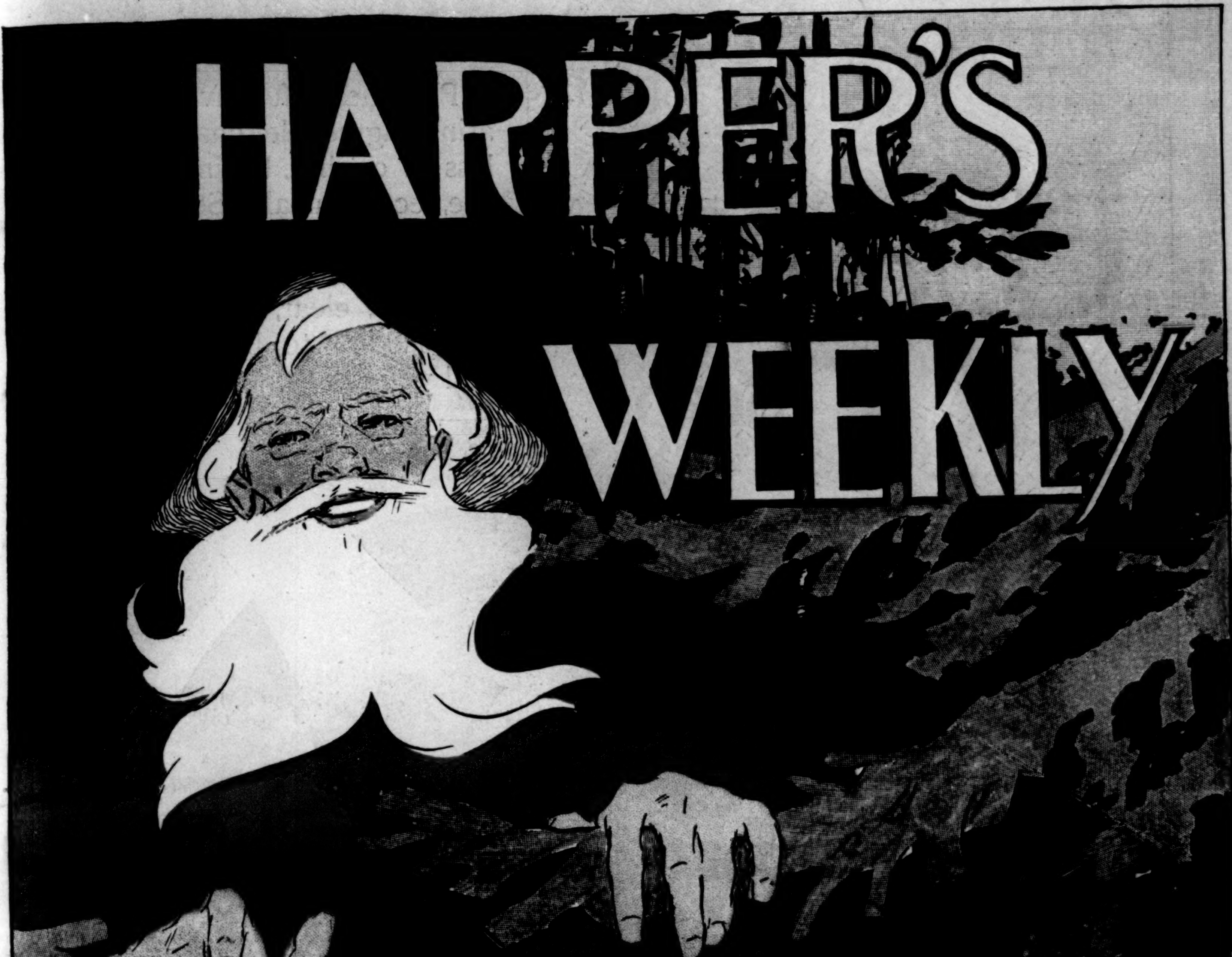
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